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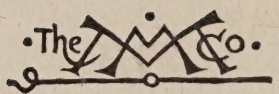
EFFECTIVE SPEAKING VOICE

WITH PASSAGES FOR PRACTICAL
APPLICATION



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THEOLOGICAL SEMI

THE EFFECTIVE SPEAKING VOICE

WITH PASSAGES FOR PRACTICAL APPLICATION

BY

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PREFACE

This text attempts to embody certain convictions derived from the writer's experience during the past twelve years in teaching oral expression. Perhaps a statement of these convictions will best explain the general character of the book.

The first idea is that an effective style of vocal expression is best developed by a large amount of practical application of the fundamental factors of good speech. All study of speech theory which is not specifically and amply applied is largely wasted effort.

Another conviction is that such specific and ample application is not possible in connection with an elaborate setting forth of rules and principles, with manifold details, exhaustive analyses, exceptions, and similar complexities. The average student does not, and, it is safe to say, cannot assimilate for practical use the matter in a text-book so constructed.

Again, it is believed that class-room speaking will be best directed toward the cultivation of good speech habits if the attention of the entire class is concentrated mainly, at any one time, on the application of a given principle, or related set of principles. Coöperative exemplification is likely to result in more permanent impressions.

Furthermore, the choice of material for such practice speaking must be made with care. If a class is given free range in selection, it will not, it cannot bring in successive groups of passages which will aptly illus-

trate the chief phases under consideration as the work progresses. According to the writer's experience, student choice, in general, is apt to be either careless, lacking in definite purpose, badly adapted to specific needs, lurid, or otherwise unsatisfactory for anything like systematic training.

The practice passages, it is felt, in addition to being carefully chosen, should be sufficiently brief to permit of thorough preparation, to give frequent opportunities to each member of the class, and to allow the instructor time for a brief definite criticism in every case.

In preparing the text in accord with these ideas, the writer is, of course, largely indebted to successive classes of students. The character of the book has been determined by their reactions, their limitations, their capacities, and the results which they have shown from various methods of attack. At the same time, a large debt is gratefully acknowledged to an extensive bibliography, which has from time to time afforded suggestion, confirmation, illustrative material, and in some cases, perhaps, a warning.

Rather than that of adding to the already elaborate array of vocal principles, the present task has been to choose and to exclude, to stress certain aspects (such as the sounds of the language — the basic factor of good speaking), and to present with relative simplicity other elements (such as inflection) — all with a view to practical utilization by the student, not only during his course, but, especially, afterward.

The special feature of the book is the combination of principles with classified selections for practical application. For reasons stated above, the length of these passages is a compromise between the familiar, brief reading-exercise and the more elaborate selection of the

usual collection. As to the general character of the passages, effort has been made to provide groups which afford variety, interest, and literary excellence.

J. A. M.

College of the City of New York.
June, 1920.

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THE EFFECTIVE SPEAKING VOICE

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

Among the many developments during the Great War was a widespread activity in public speaking. The Four Minute Men organization, the Red Cross, the Liberty Loans, the Y. M. C. A., the Recruiting, and many other important activities called for speakers in the conduct of their campaigns. In response, thousands of people, young and old, "found their voice," and with it an opportunity to do their bit in helping to win the war. These people, with widely varying degrees of effectiveness, gave their services and enjoyed the personal advantages which come from the ability to speak to their fellows.

This ability carries with it a distinction, a degree of fitness for leadership. The school-boy who can tell his mates about the plans for an athletic association; the clerk who can address his colleagues on the working conditions in their establishment; the business-man who can discuss before his associates the formation of a chamber of commerce; the physician who can speak to his profession on a new method of treating a disease — all of these are in a position to be especially useful and influential by reason of their speaking ability.

Furthermore, aside from the practical value, a clear-cut, pleasing style of speaking is a mark of training, of culture, which immediately makes a favorable impression in whatever situation its possessor finds himself, whether in private conversation or speaking to an audience.

These facts are being more and more widely recognized, and the speaking activity during the war is only a striking instance of the generally awakened interest in the use of the voice. College presidents, directors of technical schools, prominent leaders in political, social, and professional life have in recent years specifically urged the desirability of developing in young men and women the power to speak well. Such organizations as the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. M. H. A. have instituted classes in speaking. Business men have joined together in speaking clubs under the direction of an instructor. A "Better Speech Week" movement has been inaugurated. So far-reaching a project as the "Speaking Clubs of America," has been launched. As a result of the growing demand for better speaking, schools and colleges have begun to devote more attention to this phase of education. More time is being given to the study of speech; new courses are being inaugurated; classes in English to Foreigners, with special emphasis on the spoken word, are springing up all over the country; oral English is gaining a more prominent position in the grade schools. Even correspondence schools are offering courses in public speaking. We are, it seems, on the way not only to removing the cause for the oft-repeated charge of being a nation with disagreeable voices and slovenly speech, but also to becoming a na-

tion of clear, correct, agreeable and impressive speakers.

This is looking a long way ahead because the speech problem in this country is a very difficult one. The average American has been and is exceedingly careless about his speech. Then, too, we are a numerous people, living in a country whose great extent gives rise to many variations from a single standard. Moreover, we are constantly receiving from various countries people who bring with them words, sounds, and vocal modulations tending to produce in America a manner of speech which is a confused mixture of all kinds of expression. But the signs of determined effort to overcome these corruptive factors are encouraging; and, aside from the motive of self-interest, it should be a matter of pride with every student to play a part in the movement for better American speech.

To make that part a more helpful one we shall study the fundamental factors of vocal expression, namely: the vocal apparatus, breathing, vowel and consonant production, pronunciation, and the management of the voice with respect to quality, pitch, force, and time. It is to be emphasized, however, that the mere study of voice principles is of comparatively little value. It is only when theory is put into practice, and, furthermore, only when that practice results in vocal habits that the greatest benefits are secured. Therefore, constant provision is made for the application of the principles set forth. And the student is strongly urged not only to translate principles into practice in connection with his class-room work, but also to begin at once to make use in his daily conversations of the suggestions met with as he proceeds in the study of the text.

It may not be amiss to observe at this point that the following pages do not consider gesture, or the collecting of facts and ideas, their arrangement, and composition into connected discourse. Those factors of speaking have been considered by the writer in other books.[1] The present volume is concerned exclusively with the use of the voice. It aims to develop clearness, correctness, agreeableness, and impressiveness of utterance, so that on all occasions the speaker's manner of delivery will manifest those qualities habitually, leaving his attention largely free to direct the thought progress of his conversation or address.

[1] *The Essentials of Effective Gesture.*
[1] *The Essentials of Extempore Speaking.*

CHAPTER II

THE VOCAL APPARATUS

In undertaking to improve the use of the voice, it is desirable to know at the outset something about the mechanism which produces speech. Briefly stated the vocal apparatus comprises four parts: the breathing organs, the voice-box (larynx), the resonance cavities, and the organs of articulation.

The breathing apparatus includes the lungs, opening out through the mouth and nose passages; the muscles which control the framework enclosing the lungs; the diaphragm, upon which the lungs rest; and the abdominal muscles, which assist the operation of the diaphragm in the breathing process.

The voice-box is hinged to the top of the windpipe (trachea) and consists of five pieces of cartilage. The lower piece is shaped like a signet ring. Fastened to the top of the broad part at a slight distance apart are two more small pieces. To these are joined two small bands of tough elastic fiber which form the inside edges of the two half discs stretching over the ring cartilage. These bands (the vocal cords) are joined in front to two shield-shaped cartilages, which form the enclosing walls of the voice-box. The space between the vocal bands is called the glottis. Between the root of the tongue and the voice-box is a thin layer of cartilage called the epiglottis, which closes over the top of the

voice-box during the swallowing process, thus directing all substances into the gullet behind it. To all these cartilages are attached various muscles which raise, lower, and tip the entire voice-box, open and shut the epiglottis, tighten and relax the vocal bands, and narrow and widen the glottis.

The fundamental sound of the voice is produced by puffs of breath passing through the glottis and setting up vibrations of the vocal bands. If the bands are sufficiently relaxed and separated, as in ordinary breathing, no sound ensues. When the bands are tightened and brought closer together, vocalization begins. The closer and tighter they are drawn, the higher the tone will be; the stronger the current of breath becomes, the louder will be the resultant tone.

But the fundamental tone produced in the voice-box is not the sound which is actually heard. Before it reaches the listener it has been greatly strengthened and improved by the third factor mentioned at the beginning of this chapter, the resonance cavities. The most important of these are: the pharynx, that muscle-lined cavity above the voice-box and commonly known as the back part of the mouth or upper part of the throat; the mouth proper; the two nasal cavities, extending from the roof of the mouth to the base of the skull; and the four small cavities (sinuses) in the lower part of the skull.

These numerous cavities are the chambers in which vibrate the sound waves set up by the fundamental vibrations in the voice-box. They correspond to the brass tubing of a horn, the pipes of an organ, or the hollow body of a violin. The chief reason why so many voices are "thin," or "flat," "harsh," or "nasal" is

not that there are so many defective organs, but that people so often fail to utilize their resonance cavities to advantage. This matter we shall consider when the subject of voice quality is discussed. Our more immediate concern is with the fact that two of the resonance cavities, the pharynx and the mouth, are capable of various changes in size and shape through the raising and lowering of the larynx, the shifting of the tongue and soft palate, and the operating of the muscles of the pharynx and jaws. To these changes, mainly, is due the remarkable variety of vowel sounds.

The last factor of speech mechanism is the apparatus of articulation. It is by articulating, or joining, in various ways, two or more organs of the mouth that the consonant sounds are made possible. The organs of articulation are as follows: the hard palate, which roofs the front half of the mouth; the tongue, whose parts will be subsequently designated as back, blade (middle section), and tip; the teeth; the lips; and the soft palate, which forms an arching partition between the mouth and the nasal cavities above. This partition can be lowered so as to direct the breath current through the nasal passages, as in the case of the *m*, *n*, or *ng* sounds; or it can be raised so as to direct the breath out through the mouth, as in the case of *h*. For the majority of consonants, it is arched sufficiently to direct most of the breath out through the mouth.

Having in mind the chief mechanical factors by which the speech sounds are produced, we shall now proceed to examine in some detail the proper operation of the vocal apparatus.

CHAPTER III

BREATHING

The vocal organ is a wind instrument, essentially like the oboe and bassoon, with respect to sound production. Just as the tones of these two instruments are obtained by forcing between two reeds a stream of air, so vocal tones depend upon breath being sent out between the vocal bands. Breath is the fundamental factor of voice; therefore a careful consideration of its proper management is essential. Good speaking requires that we breathe correctly, that we utilize our lung capacity, and that we gain full control of the breath supply.

First, it is to be observed that the capacity of the lungs is less in the upper than in the middle and lower sections. Next, we should note that the lungs are surrounded by a framework consisting of the spinal column in the rear, the twelve ribs around each side, and the breast-bone (sternum) to which the upper ten pairs of ribs are joined in front. Numerous muscles attached to this framework permit an upward forward movement of the sternum and ribs, thus inducing a horizontal expansion of the lungs. Furthermore, a longitudinal expansion is made possible by the proper use of the diaphragm. This organ is a broad, dome-shaped muscle, attached at the front, sides, and back to the sternum, lower ribs, and spinal-column respectively. Resting on top of the diaphragm are the lungs; below is the upper abdomen.

By depressing the dome of the diaphragm upon the yielding organs beneath, the lower masses of lung cells are enabled to expand downward, thus adding greatly to the breath capacity.

The actions just discussed, i. e., the distention of the framework and the lowering of the diaphragm, occur to some extent in ordinary inhalation. The process is noticeable at any time but may be most clearly observed in the case of a person lying on his back and breathing normally. The chest rises and the waist expands with inhalation, and both sink with exhalation.

Now when speaking, many people, owing to nervousness or mistaken ideas about breathing, fail to make proper use of the breathing apparatus. One common mistake is to lift the shoulders at inhalation. This action not only tends to restrict the breath to the relatively few cells at the top of the lungs, but also by causing pressure upon the flexible organs in the throat hinders the free passage of air, thus reducing vocal power and producing dryness and soreness of the membranes. Another error is to draw in the waist line and hold up the diaphragm during inhalation, thus interfering with the expansion of the lower lung cells.

Not only should we avoid these abnormal actions but we should also develop our breathing power for speech purposes. At inhalation the dome of the diaphragm should be so depressed as to cause a noticeable distention in the whole region of the waist. This can be readily sensed by placing the thumbs just above the hips and spreading the fingers forward over the abdomen. At the same time the chest should be raised and expanded. The effect of depressing the diaphragm and raising the chest is to increase greatly the capacity of the thoracic

cavity, thus inducing a lung expansion otherwise impossible.

Some writers on the voice have advocated an exclusive use of nasal inhalation. This, however, is not always practicable. Certainly, when speaking is rapid or unusually vigorous, the amount of breath required cannot be supplied through the nasal passages alone. Still, it is obvious that mouth inhalation has a drying, irritating effect on the vocal tract, whereas the air is filtered, warmed, and moistened by the nasal passages. Hence, for ordinary breathing, and whenever it is possible while speaking, as during the longer pauses or in deliberate utterance, nasal inhalation should be used.

One more observation on inhalation is essential, namely, that too much breath can be inhaled at once as well as too little. Breathing practice will increase the lung capacity and the power of the diaphragm, chest and abdominal muscles to control the outlet of the larger supply of air; but by over-inhalation one can readily put upon the lung capacity and muscular control a strain which is very uncomfortable, and which makes it impossible to regulate the economical outflow of air so necessary to smooth, strong, and durable vocal expression. It is better to renew the supply frequently at the pauses than to try to inhale at less frequent intervals more breath than can be effectively utilized.

Quite as important as proper and skillful inhalation is a similar degree of power and expertness in exhalation. The beginner will find that just as he is able to enlarge his lung capacity, so also can he increase his ability to conserve breath and use it to advantage in speech.

The air taken into the lungs is under pressure exerted by the diaphragm beneath, and the framework and

muscles around the thoracic cavity. This pressure is particularly strong when the diaphragm has been forced down and the chest distended for increased breath supply. The natural tendency, therefore, will be to expel the air quickly and exhaustively. If this is permitted, the result in speaking will be a few breathy, indistinct, explosive sounds, and unnecessarily frequent demands for renewed supplies of air to replenish the wasted store. Not only are such utterances difficult to understand, lacking in proper voice quality and judicious grouping of words, but they also produce hoarseness, owing to the rushing air blasts which pound and dry the throat membranes.

To avoid such results the essential thing is to cultivate habitual control of the diaphragm and chest to prevent their expelling the breath too suddenly at the end of inhalation. The action of the diaphragm and lower ribs must be restricted to a gradual relaxation into normal position; and the upper chest should, as far as possible, be held in its high position at all times. This means, simply, that the muscular effort in sound production, as in inhalation, is to be centered chiefly, not in the throat, but on the powerful diaphragm and the abdominal muscles which coöperate in the longitudinal expansion and contraction of the thoracic cavity.

Along with the fundamental elements of breathing already discussed, the student should practice sound production to coördinate the muscular action of the diaphragm, abdomen and chest with the operation of the vocal organs, especially the vocal bands. The following exercises, therefore, have in view three ends, which must — and this is highly important — become largely automatic if they are to be of practical use, because the

speaker can give only slight attention to mechanical operations when he is engaged in addressing the minds and feelings of his hearers. These ends are: (1) the utilization of full lung capacity, with avoidance of overcharging: (2) the centering of breath control on the diaphragm, the abdominal and lower chest muscles, for the avoidance of throat tension, and ineffective, exhaustive methods of sound production; (3) the ability to coördinate the effort of breath expulsion with the operation of the vocal organs in such a way as to produce smooth, sustained, resonant sounds.

EXERCISES

Note 1: Five to ten minutes of practice repeated three or four times a day is more beneficial than one half-hour period. The student should stop at once if signs of dizziness appear.

Note 2: In taking the exercises, stand erect, with the shoulders well back, not raised, and the chest held moderately high. Place the thumbs just above the hips, with the fingers forward over the waist to note the muscular action.

I. Inhale for about five seconds by gradually flattening the diaphragm and raising the lower ribs, which action gives the sensation of pushing outward around the waistline. Still holding the chest erect, exhale for a similar period by slowly relaxing the diaphragm and lower ribs. Repeat the exercise three or four times.

II. Inhale in the same manner, hold the breath for about five seconds, then exhale as before, making the sound of *ah*. Try to sustain a smooth tone. Repeat this exercise three or four times.

III. Inhale quickly, and exhale slowly, repeating the series *ah-ōō-oh* about four times. Repeat this exercise three or four times.

IV. Inhale in normal time and count in clear tones up to about twenty on a single breath. Repeat this exercise three or four times.

V. Read each of the following passages on a single inhalation:

a. During inhalation the student should note the pushing sensation around the waistline.

b. In exhalation the diaphragm and lower chest muscles should be gradually relaxed to conserve the breath.

c. After becoming conscious of the correct method of breathing the student should cultivate the habit of proper breathing in all his speaking.

CHAPTER IV

THE SOUNDS OF THE LANGUAGE (VOWELS)

With the vocal motor-power provided for, we may proceed to the sounds of the language. Broadly classified, these fall into three divisions: vowels, diphthongs, and consonants. The vowel sounds are those which are produced by vocalization in the larynx, modified in the case of each sound by the position of the larynx and by a specific adjustment in the shape of the pharynx and mouth. The diphthongs are combinations of two vowel sounds closely linked together. The consonants are produced by forcing the breath, sometimes vocalized and sometimes unvocalized, against mouth obstructions which are more marked than those employed for the vowels.

These sounds of the language are the materials of speech, just as the breathing apparatus, the voice-box, the resonance cavities, and the organs of articulation are the tools of speech. It is, therefore, desirable to know specifically what these sounds are, how they are made, the errors most common in their production, and, since most of them are indicated in more than one way, how they are represented by the letters of the alphabet. In studying and practicing the production of the sounds, the student is urged to think, to feel, and, with the aid of a mirror, to see what he is doing. We shall first examine the vowel sounds.

Italian ä, (as in *ah, father*)

This sound is represented also, in some cases, by *ea* (*heart*), *au* (*aunt*), *ua* (*guard*).

In making this sound, the throat is opened widely, as in yawning; the teeth are placed about three quarters of an inch apart; the lips are slightly drawn from the teeth; the tongue is completely relaxed.

Broad ạ, (as in *all, talk, water*)

This sound is represented also by *au* (*haul*), *aw* (*saw*), *o* (*long*), *ou* (*bought*).

In making this sound, the throat opening is slightly narrowed from the position for the sound above; the teeth are placed about an inch apart; the lips are thrust forward; the tongue is relaxed.

Short ă, (as in *hat, cat*)

In making this sound, the voice-box is slightly raised (notice this by placing the finger over the voice-box, and making the Italian *a*, followed by the short *a*); the tongue is slightly raised and thrust forward a little; the lips are slightly drawn back at the corners of the mouth; the teeth are placed about a quarter of an inch apart.

Long ā, (as in *ate, cake*)

This sound is represented also by *ai* (*rain*), *au* (*gauge*), *ay* (*day*), *ea* (*break*), *ei* (*veil*), *ey* (*they*).

In making this sound, the teeth are placed about half an inch apart; the lips are well drawn back at the corners of the mouth; the tongue is considerably raised and thrust forward so that the edges of the blade are pressed against the upper grinders.

Intermediate å, (as in *ask, bath, class*)

In making this sound, the tongue is placed midway

between its low position for Italian *a*, and its higher position for short *a*; the lips are closer than for Italian *a*, but slightly farther apart than for short *a;* the same is true of the teeth. Practically, the organic position and the resulting sound are in every respect midway between those of the Italian and short *a*. Pronounce *bär, bȧth, băt*, noting particularly the shift in lip and teeth positions.

The student should strive to acquire an easy habitual use of this intermediate *a* as it suggests affectation if it sounds like the *a* in *father*, and lack of culture if it sounds like the *a* in *hat*. Words in common use which take this sound are: *advantage, after, answer, basket, blast, branch, brass, chance, chant, clasp, class, contrast, dance, draft, example, fast, gasp, glance, glass, grant, grasp, grass, last, mask, mass, nasty, pass, rasp, shaft, staff, vast.*

Long ē, (as in *mete, eve*)

This sound is represented also by *ee* (*beet*), *ea* (*beat*), *ei* (*receive*), *ie* (*believe*), *eo* (*people*), *ey* (*key*), *ae* (*Caesar*), *i* (*machine*), *uay* (*quay*), *oe* (*phoenix*), *ue* (*Portuguese*).

In making this sound, the voice-box is raised very high; the teeth are brought almost together; the corners of the lips are drawn far back and turned upward; the edges of the blade of the tongue are raised against the soft palate, leaving only a small central groove for the passage of the air.

Short ĕ, (as in *met, bet*)

This sound is represented also by *ea* (*feather*), *ei* (*heifer*), *eo* (*leopard*), *ie* (*friend*), *ae* (*diaeresis*), *oe* (*asafoetida*), *u* (*bury*), *ue* (*guess*), *a* (*any*), *ai* (*said*).

In making this sound, the position is the same as for long *a*, except a slight dropping of the lower jaw, which lowers the tongue a little.

Long ī, (as in *bite, ice*)

This sound is represented also by *ie* (*die*), *ui* (*beguile*), *ei* (*height*), *ai* (*aisle*), *y* (*fly*), *uy* (*buy*), *ye* (*rye*).

This sound is what is known as diphthongal, i. e., it combines the Italian *a* and the long *e* sounds. It is produced by a quick shift during vocalization from the position for the former to the position for the latter component sound.

Short ĭ, (as in *fit, ship*)

This sound is represented also by *y* (*hymn*), *ui* (*guilt*), *ie* (*sieve*), *ee* (*been*), *u* (*business*), *o* (*women*).

The sound is produced as is the long *e*, except more rapidly, and with the lower jaw and tongue dropped just a trifle lower.

Long ō, (as in *open, wrote*)

This sound is represented also by *oo* (*floor*), *eau* (*bureau*), *au* (*hautbois*), *eo* (*yeoman*), *ew* (*sew*), *ow* (*low*), *ou* (*boulder*), *oe* (*toe*), *oa* (*foam*).

In making this sound, the teeth are placed about three quarters of an inch apart; the lips are drawn over them into circular form; the cheeks are drawn in slightly; the tongue is relaxed.

Short ŏ, (as in *on, hot*)

This sound is represented also by *a* (*was*), *ow* (*knowledge*).

The sound is produced the same as the Italian *a*, except that it is of shorter duration.

Long o͞o, (as in *boot, brood*)

This sound is represented also by *o* (*do*), *oe* (*canoe*), *ou* (*soup*), *u* (*rule*), *ue* (*rue*), *ui* (*fruit*), *ew* (*flew*), *eu* (*rheum*).

In making this sound, the teeth are placed about a quarter of an inch apart; the lips are thrust forward, making a small circular opening; the blade of the tongue is slightly raised.

Short o͝o, (as in *book, look*)

This sound is represented also by *o* (*wolf*), *u* (*pull*).

In making this sound, the circle of the lips is slightly larger, and the teeth are a little farther apart than for the long *oo* sound.

Long ū, (as in *use, tune*)

This sound is represented also by *eau* (*beautiful*), *eu* (*feudal*), *ieu* (*lieu*), *iew* (*review*), *ue* (*rescue*), *ui* (*suit*), *yu* (*yule*), *you* (*your*).

Like the long *i*, this sound is diphthongal. It begins with the organs in the long *e* position and proceeds through a rapid shift to the long *oo* position.

Short ŭ, (as in *but, nut*)

This sound is represented also by *o* (*some*), *oe* (*does*), *oo* (*blood*), *ou* (*touch*).

In making this sound, the teeth are placed almost together, as for long *e;* the lips are drawn back from the teeth; the tongue lies flat, with the tip just touching the base of the lower front teeth.

Especial attention is called to the fact that this short *u* sound is approximately the one used for the so-called neutral vowel sound in unstressed syllables, such as the *a* in *amount, extra,* the *e* in *father, linger,* the second *i* in *agility, sir,* the *o* in *instructor, actor,* etc.

oi, (as in *boil*, *noise*)

This sound is represented also by *oy* (*joy*).

The *oi* is a diphthong, composed of the broad *a* and the short *i* sounds. Note the difference between the diphthong and the vowel digraph, which is a single sound represented by two letters; in the word *leaf*, for example, *ea* is a vowel digraph.

In making the *oi* sound, the organs start in the position for the broad *a* and shift quickly into the short *i* position.

ou, (as in *sound*, *out*)

This sound is represented also by *ow* (*now*).

The *ou* is a diphthong. In making the sound, the organs start in the position for the short *o* and shift quickly into the long *oo* position.

Common Vowel Errors

In connection with this study of the production of vowel sounds, it may be helpful to present some of the vowel errors which are most frequently encountered. In the following table, the symbol ">" means " sounded as "; for example, *a*>*e* indicates that short *a* is wrongly sounded as short *e*.

å (as in *bath*)>*ă* (as in *hat*); *båth, påss, tåsk*>*băth, păss, tăsk.*

å (as in *bath*)>*ä* (as in *father*); *båth, påss, tåsk*> *bäth, päss, täsk.*

ă (as in *hat*)>*ä* (as in *father*); *bărrel, nărrow*>*bärrel, närrow.*

ā (as in *fate*)>*ă* (as in *hat*); *pāthos, pātriotism*> *păthos, pătriotism.*

au, ou (as in *caught, bought*)>*ŏ* (as in *not*); *caught, sought*>*cŏt, sŏt.*

aw (as in *law*)>*awr; law saw*>*lawr sawr.* This error is commonly known as the sliding *r;* it occurs also at the end of some words ending in *a,* such as *idea.*

ē (as in *eve*)>*ĭ* (as in *ship*); *sheep, deep*>*shĭp, dĭp.*

ē (as in *eve*)>*ŭ* (as in *hut*); *rēclaim, rēsponse*>*rŭclaim, rŭsponse.*

ĕ (as in *bet*)>*ĭ* (as in *bit*); *ĕndure, gĕt*>*ĭndure, gĭt.*

ĕ (as in *bet*)>*ŭ* (as in *hut*); *bĕrry, fragmĕnt*>*bŭrry, fragmŭnt.*

ī (as in *ride*)>*ĭ* (as in *bit*); *wrīthe, grīmy*>*wrĭthe, grĭmy.*

ĭ (as in *bit*)>*ē* (as in *eve*); *shĭp, dĭp*>*sheep, deep.*

ĭ (as in *bit*)>*ĕ* (as in *bet*); *sĭnce, rĭnse, sĭt*>*sĕnce, rĕnse, sĕt.*

ĭ (as in *bit*)>*ī* (as in *bite*); *fragĭle, genuĭne*>*fragīle, genuīne.*

ō (as in *dome*)>*aw* (as in *law*); *nō, dōn't, ōpen*>*naw, dawn't, awpen.*

ō (as in *dome*)>*ŏ* (as in *not*); *extōl, bōlt, parōle*>*extŏl, bŏlt, parŏle.*

ŏ (as in *not*)>*aw* (as in *law*); *sŏrrow, fŏreign*>*sawrow, fawreign.*

o͞o (as in *boot*)>*o͝o* (as in *took*); *mo͞od, bro͞od, fo͞od*>*mo͝od, bro͝od, fo͝od.*

o͝o (as in *took*)>*o͞o* (as in *boot*); *co͝ok, sto͝od, ho͝od*>*co͞ok, sto͞od, ho͞od.*

ou, ow (as in *out, now*)>*aou, aow; cow, house*>*caow, haouse.*

ow (as in *fellow*)>*er* (as in *tiller*); *fellow, pillow*>*feller, piller.*

oi (as in *boil*)>approximately *er* (as in *verse*); *voice, foil*>*verse, ferl,* the *r* sound being only vaguely

suggested. Those who manifest this fault usually give the *oi* value to *ir, ur, ear, er* in certain words; for example, *first, furl, verse, early*>*foist, foil, voice, oily.*

ū (as in *use*)>*o͞o* (as in *food*); *tūbe, dūke, resūme*>*to͞ob, do͞ok, reso͞om.* At the end of certain words, such as *opera, extra,* the neutral vowel sound, represented by *a,* but most nearly approaching *ŭ* in pronunciation, becomes *ĭ* (*y*); *opera, extra*>*opery, extry.*

VOWEL EXERCISES

Note 1. Use diaphragmatic breathing in these as in all speaking exercises. Also economize breath; observe how you can expend your entire supply on one or two "breathy" sounds, or make it produce fifteen to twenty clear, resonant ones.

Note 2. Strive to make every sound with perfect distinctness.

I. For developing a strong, open throat.

a. Repeat very slowly the series *ah-oh-aw-o͞o* ten or a dozen times, with a moderate tone, keeping as nearly as possible for all four sounds the same open, relaxed throat position which is naturally assumed for the *ah* sound.

b. Repeat the same series energetically and rapidly about ten or a dozen times.

II. For acquiring an open, unconstricted throat in the production of the "close" vowels. The prefixing of the *w* sound tends to cultivate the habit of an open attack. Try to keep the throat throughout the series in approximately the same position which it assumes for the *wah* at the beginning.

a. Repeat the series *wah-wē-wī-wā* slowly ten or a

dozen times, avoiding all forcing of the breath for the sake of mere loudness.

b. Repeat the same series rapidly about ten times.

III. For acquiring flexibility in shifting position for various vowel sounds.

a. Repeat with perfect distinctness the series *ā-ē-ī-ō-ū* ten or a dozen times; likewise *ă-ĕ-ĭ-ŏ-ŭ* with gradually increasing rapidity.

b. Repeat the series *ā-ă, ē-ĕ, ī-ĭ, ō-ŏ, ū-ŭ* about ten times.

c. Repeat the series *o͞o aw-ī-ē-ah, oh-ā-ŭ-ĕ-ă* half a dozen times each.

IV. For acquiring clear distinction of vowel sounds in combination with consonants formed in the front, middle, and back of the mouth respectively.

a. Repeat each series half a dozen times, with slightly increasing rapidity:
bay-be-buy-beau-beauty; pat-pet-pill-pop-puddle; take-team-time-toe-tube; sat-set-sit-sob-supper; rat-red-rim-rot-run; lake-leak-light-load-lucid; cake-keen-kite-cold-cute; gas-get-give-got-gun.

b. Repeat the foregoing exercise, using a whisper instead of the normal voice. The whisper is especially valuable for developing distinct utterances. Since it is likely to tire the throat at first, do not repeat the exercise more than once or twice.

SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICAL APPLICATION

TO ARMS!

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!
Lo, Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries;

But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:
Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
And speaks in thunder through yon engine's roar!
In every peal she calls, "Awake! arise!"
Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and Tyrants' slaves? — the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high; from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red battle stamps his foot, and Nations feel the shock.

(BYRON: *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*)

LILIAN

Airy, fairy Lilian,
Flitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me,
Claps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can;
She'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel little Lilian.

When my passion seeks
Pleasance in love-sighs,
She, looking thro' and thro' me
Thoroughly to undo me,
Smiling, never speaks:

So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple,
From beneath her gathered wimple
Glancing with black-beaded eyes,
Till the lightning laughters dimple
The baby-roses in her cheeks;
Then away she flies.

Prythee weep, May Lilian!
Gaiety without eclipse
Wearieth me, May Lilian;
Thro' my very heart it thrilleth
When from crimson-threaded lips
Silver-treble laughter trilleth;
Prythee weep, May Lilian!

Praying all I can,
If prayers will not hush thee,
Airy Lilian,
Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee,
Fairy Lilian.

(TENNYSON: *Lilian*)

TOUCHSTONE ANALYZES A QUARREL

(*Touchstone*): I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again "it was not well cut," he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again "it was not well cut," he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again "it was not well cut," he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again "it was not well cut," he

would say, I lied: this is the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct. . . . O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstances; the seventh, the Lie direct.

(SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It*)

LAMENT FOR LYCIDAS

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

. . . . . .

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray fly winds her sultry horn,

Fattening our flocks with the fresh dews of night;
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright,
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

(MILTON: *Lycidas*)

THE HOUSE OF USHER

During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country, and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was, but, with the first glimpse of the building a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me — upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain, upon the bleak walls, upon the vacant eye-like windows, upon a few rank sedges, and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees, with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveller upon opium, the bitter lapse into every-day life, the hideous dropping off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart, an unredeemed dreariness

of the thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it, I paused to think, what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered.

(POE: *The Fall of the House of Usher*)

TO A SKYLARK

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler! — that love-prompted strain
— 'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond —
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam —
True to the kindred points of Heaven and home.

(WORDSWORTH: *To a Skylark*)

AN ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT

A great number of ridiculous adventures must have taken place in which hackney-coaches were concerned.

The story of the celebrated harlequin Lunn, who secretly pitched himself out of one into a tavern window, and when the coachman was about to submit to the loss of his fare, astonished him by calling out again from the inside, is too well known for repetition. There is one of Swift, not perhaps so common. He was going, one dark evening, to dine with some great men, and was accompanied by some other clergymen, to whom he gave their cue. They were all in their canonicals. When they arrive at the house, the coachman opens the door, and lets down the steps. Down steps the Dean, very reverend in his black robes; after him comes another personage, equally black and dignified; then another; then a fourth. The coachman, who recollects taking up no greater number, is about to put up the steps, when another clergyman descends. After giving way to this other, he proceeds with great confidence to toss them up, when lo! another comes. Well, there cannot, he thinks, be more than six. He is mistaken. Down comes a seventh, then an eighth; then a ninth; all with decent intervals; the coach, in the meantime, rocking as if it were giving birth to so many demons. The coachman can conclude no less. He cries out, "The devil! the devil!" and is preparing to run away, when they all burst into laughter. They had gone round as they descended, and got in at the other door.

(HUNT: *Coaches*)

A VISION

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation — the music of boisterous drums — the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see

thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeal of orators. We see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places, with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing. Kisses and tears, tears and kisses — divine mingling of agony and love! And some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms — standing in the sunlight sobbing. At the turn of the road a hand waves — she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone, and forever. (INGERSOLL: *The Vision of War*)

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
  Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
  Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
  White hawthorne, and the pastoral eglantine;
    Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
      And mid-May's eldest child,

The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.
Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain —
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn:
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in færy lands forlorn.

(KEATS: *Ode to a Nightingale*)

A NIGHT IN THE OPEN

Night is a dead monotonous period under a roof; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains, is only a light and living slumber to a man who sleeps afield. All night long he can hear Nature breathing

deeply and freely; even as she takes her rest, she turns and smiles; and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere, and all the outdoor world are on their feet. It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of night. Cattle awake on the meadows; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides, and change to a new lair among the ferns; and houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

(STEVENSON: *Travels with a Donkey*)

CHAPTER V

THE SOUNDS OF THE LANGUAGE (CONSONANTS)

As has been stated, the consonant sounds are those produced by forcing the breath, in some cases vocalized, in others unvocalized, against obstructions formed by organs of articulation. This concise general definition must be elaborated for the sake of clearness and exactness. First, it will be remembered that the organs of articulation, the lips, teeth, tongue, and hard and soft palates, play a considerable part in the production of vowel sounds. In a few cases there is even a joining of the tongue with the teeth or palate. But it is correct to say that the vowel sounds are, relatively, unobstructed by articulation of the organs of the mouth. In the case of the consonants, excepting the breath sound, *h*, marked barriers are formed. When these barriers completely shut off the breath current, as in the case of *p*, *b*, *t*, *d*, etc., the resulting consonants are called explosives, because the breath bursts suddenly through the obstruction. When the barriers are only partial, as in the case of *f*, *v*, *l*, *r*, etc., the sounds are called continuants, because they may be prolonged indefinitely. Another essential observation is that some of the consonant sounds are made with the vocal bands so far apart that there is no murmur, or vocal sound, in their production; for example, *p*, *f*, and *t*. These are variously known as pure consonants, unvoiced consonants, surds, atonics,

or aspirates. The remainder are made with the vocal bands near together as for the vowel sounds. These, typified by *b*, *d*, and *g*, have the vocal murmur, and are variously termed semi-consonants, voiced consonants, subvocals, tonics, or sonants. Finally, there are several pairs of aspirates and sonants, called cognates, which have the same articulation and differ only in being vocalized or unvocalized. The following tables list the sounds belonging to the classes just defined:

Explosives	*Continuants*
b	c (s value)
c (k value)	f
ch	h
d	l
g	m
j	n
k	ng
nk	r
p	s
t	sh
	th
	v
	w
	wh
	x
	y
	z
	zh

Aspirates	*Sonants*
c	b
ch	d

Aspirates	*Sonants*
f	g
h	j
k	l
p	m
s	n
sh	ng
t	nk
th (unvoiced)	r
x (ks value)	th (voiced)
	v
	w
	wh
	x (gz and z values)
	y
	z
	zh

Cognates

ch — j
f — v
k — g palatal
ks — gz
p — b
s — z
sh — zh
t — d
soft th — th hard

Just as each vowel sound depends upon a particular conformation of the walls of the pharynx and mouth, so each consonant sound depends upon a specific adjustment of the organs of articulation. Inasmuch as dis-

tinctness of speech requires accuracy in these adjustments, they are herewith discussed under the following six groups: (1) the unique aspirate, *h*; consonants using articulation of (2) the lips; (3) lower lip and upper teeth; (4) tongue and teeth; (5) tongue, teeth and hard palate; (6) tongue and soft palate. In studying and practicing consonants, certain points should be borne in mind. First, the name of the letter and the sound of the letter are never the same; the name consists of the sound proper, either preceded or followed by a vowel. For example, the name of the letter *b* consists of its sound, followed by the long *e;* the name of the letter *f* consists of its sound, preceded by the short *e.* Secondly, while studying the production of each sound, the student should practice making the sound, and, as in the case of the vowels, he should think, feel, and use a mirror whenever feasible. Thirdly, all the sounds should be made with firm articulation of the organs, and with an energetic expulsion of the breath. Finally, when completing a consonant at the end of a word, the student should not let his zeal for distinctness lead him into making what is called a vocule, or extra vowel sound. It is sheer affectation to say, for example, *Thisŭ soundŭ is goodŭ.*

The h Sound

This sound is a mere expulsion of the breath, without articulation or vocalization. It is sometimes represented by *wh* (*who, whole, whom*). The letter *h* is silent in a few words (*heir, honest, honor, hour*), and their derivatives; also after *g* and *r* in the same syllable (*aghast, ghost, rhetoric, rhomboid,* etc.).

The common error is to drop the sound where it

should be used (*'ome* for *home*), and to prefix it where it does not belong (*Henglish* for *English*). This fault is by no means confined to the Cockney.

The Lip Group
(*p-b-m-w-wh*)

The p sound is made by joining the lips, and then jerking them suddenly apart as an unvocalized breath is forced against the obstruction. The letter *p* is silent in an initial position before *n*, *s*, *sh*, and *t* (*pneumonia*, *psychology*, *pshaw*, *ptomaine*, etc.); also in a medial position in a few words, such as *accompt*, *corps*, *raspberry*, *receipt*, etc.

The common errors are loose articulation, which results in a vague sound between *p* and *f;* and vocalizing the breath, which converts the sound into *b* (*bray* for *pray*).

The b sound is made in the same way as *p*, except that the breath is vocalized. The letter *b* is silent before *t* in the same syllable (*debt*, *doubt*, etc.); also after *m* in the same syllable (*numb*, *succumb*, etc.).

The common errors are loose articulation, which produces a sound between *b* and *v;* and failure to vocalize, which converts the *b* into *p* (*preak* for *break*).

The m sound is made by joining the lips and directing a vocalized breath behind the soft palate and out through the nasal passages.

The common error is due to a nasal stoppage — not always caused by a cold — which converts the *m* into a *b* (*bake* for *make*, etc.).

The consonant w sound — *w* is always a vowel at the end of a syllable or word — is made by drawing the lips

into a very small circle, and then forcing out a vocalized breath while the lips change into position for the sound which follows. The consonant *w* sound is sometimes represented by *u* (*persuade*, *assuage*, etc.). The *w* is silent before *r* in the same syllable (*wrath*, *writhe*, etc.); also in a few words, such as *answer*, *sword*, etc.

The common error is to catch the lower lip on the edge of the upper teeth, thus converting *w* into *v* (*vet* for *wet*, etc.).

The wh sound is made by first producing the *h*, with the lips formed for *w*, and following quickly with the vocalization for the *w*.

The common error is the omission of the *h* element, resulting in *wen* for *when*, *wite* for *white*, etc.

EXERCISES FOR THE GROUP

NOTE: In practicing the exercises in this chapter, give careful attention to the vowels as well as to the consonants.

pace - pack - palace - palm - paltry - pane - paper - parade - peace - poet - ponder - poor - pray - preach - pride - proud - puny; appal - appear - capable - cupola - dapper - depend - dipper - empire - experience - grapple - happen - happy - hoping - Japan - loping - rapid - suppose; ape - chip - chop - clip - creep - deep - dip - drip - drop - flap - flip - grasp - grip - leap - reap - rope - soap.

back - bad - ball - band - bar - bask - batter - bead - beet - bid - bill - bin - board - boast - boat - bob - body - bog - bond - bone - borrow - bottle - bureau; abbey - abyss - cabinet - cobble - dabble - fable - feeble - foible - habit - hobby - husband - jabber - lumber - robber -

rubber - sabbath - subdue - table; cab - cob - crib - cub - dab - ebb - fob - glib - hub - jab - job - lobe - mob - nab - rob - rub - sob - tab - tub.

make - male - man - mean - meet - men - mercy - mile - mine - missile - mitten - mob - made - money - more - muff - muddy - music - mutter; accumulate - admire - admit - armor - bemoan - camera - cement - coming - compare - compose - demand - demur - emit - fuming - gamble - grumble - humble - lumber - rummage - summer; am - arm - balm - beam - calm - come - dim - dome - dumb - elm - fame - foam - game - grim - him - home - jam - hum - limb - ram - ream -roam - seam - team.

wag - wait - warm - water - was - way - weep - were - wet - win - wipe - wire - woe - won - woo - wood - wore - work - worm - worn - worth - wound; await - awake - bewail - bewilder - bulwark - dowager - forward - forewarn - foreword - inward - persuade - quarry - queen - quilt - reward - unwashed - unwell - unwind.

Whale - wharf - what - wheel - wheeze - when - where - whether - which - while - whimper - whinney - whip - whirl - whisk - whist - whistle - white - whither; awheel - awhile - awhirl - bewhiskered - erstwhile - everywhere - nowhere - pinwheel - somewhere.

The Lower Lip and Teeth Group
(*f-v*)

The f sound is made by folding the lower lip lightly between the upper and lower front teeth, and forcing an unvocalized breath through the slight aperture remaining. The sound is sometimes represented by *ph* (*philosophy*, *diphthong*, etc.), and *gh* (*laugh*, *rough*, etc.).

Failure to catch the edge of the lip under the edge

of the upper teeth results in a sound between *f* and *p*.

The v sound is made in the same way as *f*, except that the *v* is vocalized. The sound is sometimes represented by *f* (*of*, *whereof*, etc.).

Failure to catch the lip under the edge of the upper teeth results in a sound midway between *v* and *b;* a more striking error is the articulating of this sound like a *w*, resulting in *wine* for *vine*, *wery* for *very*, etc. Failure to vocalize produces, of course, an *f* sound (*fine* for *vine*, etc.).

EXERCISES FOR THE GROUP

fable - face - fade - fathom - fear - feed - file - fill - fire - flat - fled - flood - foam - follow - fort - fraud - freeze - fringe - front; affect - baffle - comfort - confer - defeat - defect - diffuse - laughter - leafy - lifting - loafer - saffron - sifting - suffrage - suffuse - taffy - wafting; beef - calf - deaf - doff - enough - fluff - gaff - gruff - half - laugh - leaf - loaf - muff - puff - reef - rife - rough - staff - stiff - tough - waif.

vail - vain - valley - van - vary - veer - venture - vernal - vessel - vest - vigor - village - vintage - virtue - volume - vortex - vow; avenue - beverage -cavil - cleavage - clever - driver - drover - ever - favor - flavor - hover - ivory - javelin - lavender - lover - raven - revise - savage - silver - tavern - waving - woven; above - active - brave - cave - dove - drive - five - gave - give - glove - grove - hive - leave - passive - revive - salve - save - weave.

Tongue and Teeth Group

(*r-s-z-sh-zh-th*)

The r sound is made by bracing the edges of the tongue against the forward upper grinders, curling

the point of the tongue up and back, but not touching the palate; then forcing a vocalized breath against the little pocket in the tongue thus made.

This sound is often wrongly expressed. One error is due to leaving the tongue so flat that the resulting sound is *ah* instead of *r* (*fah* for *far*, *neah* for *near*, etc.); another fault is due to vibrating the tip so as to produce what is called the tip-trilled *r* (*rrread* for *read*, *firrre* for *fire*, etc.); a third fault is the guttural, or base-trilled *r*, which is produced by lowering the tip of the tongue and raising the back, which is then vibrated (*grrreat* for *great*, etc.). The tongue must be curled up as stated above, and both tip and base held motionless during vocalization. Another *r* fault is due to relaxing the tongue, and thrusting the lips forward into the *w* position (*waw* for *raw*, *wead* for *read*, etc.); a curious error, peculiar to the Chinese, converts *r* into *l* by thrusting the tongue too far forward and touching the hard palate with the tip (*lead* for *read*, *lice* for *rice*, etc.).

The s sound is made by bringing the teeth almost together, gently gripping the edges of the tongue between the forward grinders, turning the tip up, clear from the front teeth, and then forcing an unvocalized breath through the narrow channel over the tip of the tongue and between the teeth. This sound is represented also by *c* (*city*, *certain*, etc.), *sc* (*science*, *scene*, etc.). and *sch* (*schism*).

The most striking fault in making the *s* sound is the lisp. This is caused by allowing the tongue to block the narrow air passage between the teeth. The tip of the tongue may only drop down too close to the opening, in which case there is a thickening or dulling of the *s*

sound; or it may be thrust between the teeth so as to produce a pronounced lisp, i. e., a *th* sound (*thing* for *sing*, *voith* for *voice*, etc.). Again, some speakers obscure the *s* sound by twisting the tip of the tongue to one side, and enunciating with a blurred, whistling effect out of one corner of the mouth. No twisting of tongue, teeth, or lips is permissible. Finally, the student is cautioned against an unwarranted vocalization of the *s* sound which results in such mispronunciations as *bazket* for *basket*, *hizzing* for *hissing*, *etc.*

The z sound is made in the same way as the *s*, except that the *z* is vocalized. This sound is represented also in some cases by *s* (*was*, *nose*, etc.), and *x* (*Xerxes*, *xylophone*, etc.).

The common errors of *z* production are those of *s*, differing only in vocalization.

The sh sound is made by bringing the teeth even nearer together than for *s*, raising the blade of the tongue very near to the hard palate, bracing the edges of the blade against the forward upper grinders, and forcing an unvocalized breath through the shallow channel remaining. The sound is represented also by *ch* (*chute*, *machine*, etc.), *ci* (*artificial*, *vicious*, etc.), *s* (*sugar*, *sure*), *sch* (*schist*, *schottische*, etc.), *sci* (*conscience*, *conscious*, etc.), *ss* (*passion*, *remission*, etc.), *si* (*declension*, *revulsion*, etc.), *ti* (*caution*, *martial*, etc.), *xi* (*anxious*).

The *sh* is sometimes incorrectly sounded as *s* due to the failure to raise the blade of the tongue near enough to the hard palate (*same* for *shame*, etc.).

The zh sound is made in the same way as *sh*, except for vocalization in the case of *zh*. This sound is never represented by *zh* but by *ge* (*mirage*, *rouge*, etc.), *s*

(*abrasion*, *treasure*, etc.), and *z* (*azure*, *seizure*, etc.).

The *zh* is subject to the same error as that noted in the case of the *sh* sound, *z* replacing *s*, of course.

The th sound is made by drawing the teeth near together, thrusting the tip of the tongue into the slight opening between them, and forcing the breath through this obstruction. The breath is sometimes vocalized, making what is known as the "hard" *th* (*these*, *with*, etc.), and sometimes unvocalized, making "soft" *th* (*theme*, *breath*, etc.). It is worth noting that some nouns employing unvoiced *th* in the singular have voiced *th* in the plural (*bath-baths*, *mouth-mouths*, etc.); also that certain nouns have unvoiced *th*, whereas the corresponding verbs have the voiced sound (*breath-breathe*, *bath-bathe*, etc.).

A very common *th* error is due to the attempt to produce the sound with the tip of the tongue against the hard palate just above the teeth, as for the *t* and *d* sounds; or against the inner surfaces of the upper teeth. The result is *tanks* for *thanks*, *breat* for *breath*, etc., or, when the sound is vocalized, *dis* for *this*, *wid* for *with*, etc. The tip of the tongue must block the passage between the teeth if the *th* sound is to be produced correctly.

EXERCISES FOR THE GROUP

race - raid - ram - rat - read - rebel - recite - resume - retail - revoke - rich - riddle - ride - roam - robe - rock - roll - rope - run; abrupt - accrue - address - affright - aground - bargain - berry - borrow - bright - burrow - cart - certain - dark - early - fright - great - grow - lark - mourn - narrow - pride - scream - trail - worry; bar - bear - bore - chair - clear - drear - ever - furor -

gather - hire - inner - moor - nitre - over - pure - queer - rapture - sure - their - wire.

sable - sack - sad - scene - scoop - seat - seed - send - sick - side - siege - skate - slate - slide - smart - smooth - snare - sneeze - stem - store - swim; ask - assail - basket - best - boost - clasp - cost - custom - desk - disc - essay - easter - foster - ghost - grasp - icy - juicy - lisp - monster - nostril - offset - pencil - respect - tussle; abuse - base - boss - cats - dice - dross - eats - face - gross - house - jumps - knots - mice - myths - Norse - oasis - purse - quince - roasts - stacks - Texas - voice - wilts.

Xanthippe - zealot - zebra - zenith - zephyr - zero - zest - zinc - Zion - zither zodiac - zone - zoology - zouave - zounds; azalea - blazes - breezes - business - chasm - dismal - easy - frozen - gazette - hesitate - Jezebel - kismet - laziness - mazes - nozzle - ozone - puzzle - reason - sizes - teasing - visage - wisdom; aims - as - buzz - cars - duns - earns - eels - froze - grams - his - ideas - juries - kitchens - lens - mobs - nuns - poise - quires - rose - stairs - tease - use - vines - wires.

chicane - chute - pshaw - shad - shame - shear - shed - shine - ship - shop - shoot - should - shout - show - shrine - shrub - shy; action - ashes - bashful - caution - depletion - emulsion - fashion - gumption - junction - lashing - machine - notion - passion - ration - sashes - tissue - wishes; ash - brush - clash - dish - English - fresh - gnash - harsh - hush - leash - mush - owlish - push - quash - rush - slash - trash - vanish - wash.

azure - casualty - erosion - Frisian - glazier - grazier - hosier - leisure - measure - negligee - occasion - Parisian -

seizure - treasure - usual - usury - vision; barrage - camouflage - garage - massage - mirage - Vosges.

The Tongue, Teeth, and Hard Palate Group (ch-j-l-n-t-d)

The ch sound is essentially a combination of *t* and *sh*. It is made by placing the tip of the tongue against the hard palate, as in the production of *t;* then, as an unvocalized breath is forced against the obstruction, the tongue is quickly drawn back into the *sh* position, i. e., with the edges of its blade touching the hard palate and the inner surfaces of the forward grinders. This sound is represented also by *t* (*nature, virtuous*, etc.), *tch* (*fetch, wretch*, etc.), *te* (*righteous*), *ti*, (*bastion, question*, etc.), *tu* (*unctuous, fatuous*, etc.). The *ch* is silent in a few words, such as *yacht, drachm*, etc.

The *ch* sound is sometimes vocalized, by mistake, resulting in *jooses* for *chooses*, etc.

The j sound is essentially a combination of *d* and *zh*. It is made in the same way as the *ch* sound, except that the breath is vocalized. The sound is represented also by *dge* (*badge, bridge*, etc.), *dj* (*adjourn, adjust*, etc.), *g* (*gem, ginger*, etc.), *ge* (*age, rage*, etc.), *d*, with *e, i*, and *u* (*grandeur, soldier, verdure*, etc.).

The *j* sound is sometimes converted into a *ch* by failure to vocalize (*chew* for *Jew, chump* for *jump*, etc.).

The l sound is made by arching the tongue so that the edges of its blade just touch the inner surfaces of the forward grinders, and the tip touches the hard palate about an inch behind the front teeth; and then forcing a vocalized breath around the obstruction. The *l* is often silent before *m* in the same syllable

(*calm*, *palm*, etc.), and in a number of words such as *could*, *talk*, *would*, etc.

Two errors are of common occurrence. One of these is due to lowering the soft palate and forcing the breath into the nasal passage, thus giving the sound a nasal quality. This same effect is sometimes produced simply by closing the nasal escape while making *l*. The second error is due to relaxing the tongue and using a lip-rounding, which results in a virtual consonant *w* sound (*fawŭ* for *fall*, *fiwŭ* for *fill*, etc.).

The n sound is made by bracing the edges of the blade of the tongue against the forward upper grinders, with the tip of the tongue against the hard palate just behind the teeth, and then forcing a vocalized breath through the nasal passages. This sound is frequently represented by *gn*, *kn*, *mn*, *pn* (*gnome*, *knot*, *mnemonics*, *pneumatic*). Final *n* after *m* is silent (*hymn*, *solemn*, etc.).

An error common to *n* and the other nasal sounds, *m*, *ng* and *nk*, is failure to produce the proper nasal vibrations. This is sometimes due to a cold, or a chronic stoppage of the nasal passages, and sometimes to a habitual muscular contraction. With a nasal obstruction, whatever the cause of it, *n* becomes practically *d* (*dight* for *night*, *fid* for *fine*, etc.).

The t sound is made by placing the tip of the tongue against the hard palate, just above the teeth, the edges of the blade being braced lightly against the forward upper grinders, and then jerking the tongue down as an unvocalized breath is forced against the obstruction. This sound is represented in a few cases by *th* (*Thames*, *thyme*), and frequently by the verbal ending *ed* (*looked*, *passed*, etc.). The letter *t* when preceded

by *s* is silent in the terminations *ten* and *tle* (*glisten, listen, bristle, whistle,* etc.) ; also in *often, soften.*

The error to be avoided in producing *t* is a thickening of the sound which results if the tip of the tongue is permitted to touch the teeth.

The d sound is made in the same way as *t,* with vocalization added. The letter is silent in *Wednesday, handkerchief,* and *handsome.*

This sound is subject to thickening as is the *t* sound. The tip of the tongue must be kept clear of the teeth.

EXERCISES FOR THE GROUP

chair - chalk - chap - charm - chase - cheat - check - chick - chime - choose - chop - chore - chose - chum - church; achieve - bachelor - batches - coachman - etching - flinching - hatchway - inches - launches - munching - Natchez - orchard - preaching - riches - satchel - teacher - urchin - witchery; arch - branch - coach - ditch - each - fetch - gulch - inch - lurch - much - notch - pinch - poach - rich - search - such - teach - watch - wretch.

jab - jangle - jar - jerk - jest - jig - jingle - joke - jolly - jostle - jot - jovial - jump - jungle - jury - just - jut - juvenile; adjourn - adjust - agile - bulging - cajole - danger - eject - forging - gauger - hegira - injure - judging - lounger - major - object - pageant - region - soldier - tragic - verger - wager; age - badge - bulge - cage - dodge - edge - gorge - gouge - hedge - liege - manage - nudge - plunge - revenge - singe - tinge - urge - visage - wage - wedge.

lad - lack - lag - lamb - learn - least - led - lend - lest - lift - light - limb - lint - loaf - lobe - lock - long - look - loot - lord - lost - lung; allow - balance -

black - calumny - deliver - doleful - emulate - fallacy - flight - glimmer - golden - halt - healing - illness - jelly - kelp - lilt - mellow - olden - plead - reality - stillness - valley - welcome; bail - ball - chill - deal - earl - fool - gnarl - goal - hull - idol - jewel - knell - loll - mile - nickel - opal - pencil - quill - roil - sickle - tool - useful - voile - wool.

gnarl - gnaw - knob - nab - name - neat - need - nest - net - never - nickel - night - nip - nitre - noise - noon - not - novel - number - nut; annul - bent - census - denote - earnest - fanning - gander - hunter - inmate - janitor - kennel - land - minnow - ornament - painter - quinsy - rancid - sound - tanned - unnerve - vanquished - wind; acorn - ban - captain - deafen - eaten - fallen - gamin - hidden - immune - kin - lean - moon - nun - open - prison - queen - ripen - strain - token - urn - vision - waxen.

tab - tack - tan - tar - teach - teeth - ten - tepid - term - tick - tide - tight - tile - time - tip - toast - toll - tone - tore - touch - town; attack - attend - better - button - criticize - daughter - debtor - esteem - fatal - fitting - greater - heated - intend - jilted - lighting - motor - neatly - oyster - pattern - quantity - restore - satin - tantalize - utter - ventilate - water; art - bat - coat - debt - eat - fight - great - hot - interest - jot - lint - mute - night - oft - part - quilt - rapt - sift - taught - vat - wait - zest.

dab - dame - dart - dawn - deaf - deck - deep - deft - dent - desk - differ - dig - dim - dine - disc - dock - doff - dome - drag - dread - drip - duck - due - dwell; adapt - bending - candle - deadlock - endure - fiddle - girder - huddle - idle - jaundice - kindling - ladder - modern - needless - order - poodle - riddle - sudden -

thunder - undulate - vandal - wooden; aged - bond - called - dread - eased - filled - gourd - hid - ironed - jingled - kind - lulled - moved - named - plugged - quarreled - ribbed - seized - tide - urged - viewed - wound.

The Tongue and Soft Palate Group
(*k*, *g* palatal, *ng*, *y*)

The k sound is made by raising the back of the tongue to the soft palate, and pushing the latter against the back wall of the pharynx, thus shutting off the escape of air through both mouth and nose; then, as an unvocalized breath is forced against the obstruction, suddenly jerking the tongue down. The sound is represented also by *c* (*clean*, *come*, etc.), *ch* (*chorus*, *chromo*, etc.), *ck* (*back*, *lock*, etc.), *cque* (*racquet*, *sacque*, etc.), *cu* (*biscuit*, *circuit*, etc.), *q* (*quinine*, *quinsy*, etc.), *qu* (*croquette*), *que* (*bisque*, *pique*, etc.). The letter *k* is silent before *n* in the same syllable (*knapsack*, *knuckle*, etc.).

The sound of palatal g (as in *go*) is made in the same way as the *k* sound, except that the breath is vocalized for *g*. The sound is represented also by *gh* (*ghost*, *ghoul*, etc.), and *gu* (*guard*, *guerdon*, etc.). It is to be noted that the digraph *gh* is silent before *t* (*brought*, *caught*, etc.); also after *i* (*nigh*, *sleigh*, etc.); and frequently after *ou* (*dough*, *plough*, etc.). The *g* at the beginning of a word is silent before *n* (*gnarl*, *gnome*, etc.); also before *m* or *n* final (*diaphragm*, *feign*, etc.).

The ng sound is made by raising the back of the tongue to meet the soft palate, and forcing a vocalized breath through the nasal passages.

This sound is represented also by *n* (*anchor*, *anxiety*, *congress*, *ink*, etc.). It is important to observe that in words such as *congress*, *finger*, *linger*, etc., the *ng* sound is represented by *n*, and the *g* is a separate element; also that in comparatives and superlatives of adjectives ending in *ng* (*longer - longest*, *stronger - strongest*, etc.), *n* represents the *ng* sound, and the *g* is sounded with the second syllable. The frequent combination *nk* always has the value of *ngk* (*bank*, *link*, *sunk*, etc.).

An *ng* error of common occurrence is the termination of the sound with a separate *g* or *k* (*singg* for *sing*, *kingk* for *king*, etc.). This mistake is especially liable to occur if the next word begins with a vowel (*running gup* for *running up*, *coming gin* for *coming in*, etc.). This *ng* error can be avoided by holding the tongue in its position against the soft palate until the breath current has been shut off. If the tongue is dropped while there is still breath pressure behind the obstruction, a *k* or *g* termination is inevitable. A second error of even more frequent occurrence is the substitution of *n* for *ng* (*runnin* for *running*, *tryin* for *trying*, etc.). The *ng* is a consonant digraph, i. e., a single sound represented by two consonants; it is not a combination of the *n* and the *g* sounds, but is inseparable, and unlike either of the sounds represented by the letters composing the digraph. Therefore, to sound only the *n* is quite as wrong as to add a *g* — or *k*, if the vocalization is discontinued.

The consonant y sound, which, with the exception noted below, occurs only at the beginning of a word or syllable, is made by raising the blade of the tongue to the hard palate, with the edges braced against the

forward upper grinders, and forcing a vocalized breath through the small groove along the center of the tongue. The sound is occasionally involved in *gn* (*vignette, lorgnette,* etc.), and is represented also by *i* (*million, pinion,* etc.), and *ñ* (*cañon*).

EXERCISES FOR THE GROUP

cab - cake - call - can - cap - car - cast - choir - chorus - clam - clear - clock - coach - coal - cob - code - coffee - coil - cube - cuff - culture - curious - custom; action - actor - addict - beckon - biscuit - circuit - cocaine - declare - doctor - election - facsimile - fiction - hearken - joker - local - nickel - reckon - sacred - sector - tackle - token - vacuum; bake - brick - cook - cork - creak - dock - duke - frisk - hark - jerk - knock - look - placque - poke - quick - rake - seek - silk - strike - task - work.

gable - gain - gamble - garret - gawky - get - gewgaw - gilt - gimlet - girdle - give - glade - glare - glass - goggle - gold - gone - gore - gosling - grain - great - greet - gun; agate - argue - baggage - cargo - degrade - eagle - fragment - giggle - haggle - jagged - luggage - magpie - nugget - pigment - quagmire - regret - rugs - segment - suggest - tagged - vulgar; bag - beg - berg - big - crag - dog - egg - flag - gig - keg - lug - nag - plague - rogue - rug - sag - slug - stag - trig - tug - vague - vogue.

anxious - bringing - flinging - gangster - hanging - kingdom - kings - longing - lungs - ringer - singer - singing; along - among - asking - bang - clang - clung - earning - fang - ironing - king - long - meaning - ring - rung - sing - sung.

angle - bangle - bungle - congress - dangle - finger -

jingle - longer - longest - mingle - stronger - strongest - tingle - wrangle.

anchor - ankle - bank - brink - dank - hunk - ink - kink - lank - monk - pink - rank - rink - sank - sink - thank - think - wink.

yam - yank - yard - yarn - year - yeast - yell - yen - yes - yet - yew - yield - yoke - yore - you - young - your - yule; beyond - cañon - lanyard - lawyer - lorgnette - million - minion - pinion - trillion - vignette.

GENERAL EXERCISES

I. Note that in this exercise the similarity of the sounds requires careful utterance for distinctness. Practice should be continued until the student is able to read the sentences with clearness, moderate rapidity, and no stumbling.

a. With a pat of his bat on the mat, he bade the mad, fat maid wait.

b. This thing is so thick that it takes time to dig Dick out.

c. Shearing the sheep these azure days assuages the sad thoughts which assail the sinful.

d. In summer Sadie sedulously sews the satin samplers, thus shaming her slothful sisters.

e. The acquisitive deacon ekes out an economical existence by accommodating exhibitions with equipages.

f. Grasping the crackling ground glass he closed the curious closet quickly.

g. The trim troop-train drives through the throng thrice.

h. The questioner accusingly asked Carl's ac-

quaintances for the accounts acknowledging his equipment.

i. From this time to that time did he attend to the tenth artillery, adding a tactfully dated attack to the attempt through the teeth of the tempest.

j. The cheerful judge jumped gingerly, but changed chairs churlishly.

k. Lillian lightly rippled and rolled the lilting religious lyrics.

l. Singing long, the singers sang strongly the ringing carolings.

II. Frequently a word ends with the same consonant, or same articulation, which begins the word following. In such cases it sounds affected to release the articulation and reproduce it for the duplication. On the other hand, it is very easy to make the mistake of running such words together. For duplicated explosives, the speaker should force the breath against the articulation for the first consonant, hold the breath against the articulation during a distinct pause, and then break the articulation to produce the second consonant. Between duplicated continuants the break is not so complete, but by quickly diminishing the breath current on the first consonant and giving it a fresh impetus on the second, a satisfactory result is obtained.

a. It was a fine night last Tuesday.

b. It was a dread day on the deep pond for the brave venturers.

c. This stem was on a ripe [1] melon.
d. What do you breathe through?
e. A bad knock fractured four ribs.
f. That does seem mercenary.
g. John named five varieties.
h. You will not hear results till later.
i. Back came the fifth throng.
j. The badge James selected was used as a watch-charm.
k. The league came forward at daybreak.

SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICAL APPLICATION

TOBY VECK'S JOB

I take my stand by Toby Veck, although he *did* stand all day (and weary work it was) just outside the church-door. In fact, he was a ticket-porter, Toby Veck, and waited there for jobs. And a breezy, goose-skinned, blue-nosed, red-eyed, stony-toed, tooth-chattering place it was to wait in the winter time, as Toby Veck well knew. The wind came tearing round the corner — especially the east wind — as if it had sallied forth express from the confines of the earth to have a blow at Toby. And oftentimes it seemed to come upon him sooner than it had expected, for bouncing round the corner and passing Toby, it would suddenly wheel round again as if it cried, "Why, here he is!" Incontinently his little white apron would be caught up over his head like a naughty boy's garments, and his feeble little cane would be seen to wrestle and

[1] A duplicated articulation presents the same problem as a duplicated consonant; *p* and *m*, for example, require the same articulation.

struggle unavailingly in his hand, and his legs would undergo tremendous agitation, and Toby himself all aslant, and facing now in this direction, now in that, would be so banged, and buffeted, and tousled, and worried, and hustled, and lifted off his feet, as to render it a state of things but one degree removed from a positive miracle, that he wasn't carried up bodily into the air as a colony of frogs or snails or some other portable creatures sometimes are, and rained down again to the great astonishment of the natives, on some strange corner of the world where ticket-porters are unknown.

(DICKENS: *The Chimes*)

TO AUTUMN

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
  Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
  With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
  And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
    To swell the gourd and plump the hazel shells
  With a sweet kernel, to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
  For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
  Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
  Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,

Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath with all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozing hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

(KEATS: *To Autumn*)

FOOLISH HISTORY

It is thus everywhere that foolish Rumor babbles not of what was done, but of what was misdone or undone; and foolish History (ever, more or less, the written epitomized synopsis of Rumor) knows so little that were not as well unknown. Attila Invasions, Walter-the-Penniless Crusades, Sicilian Vespers, Thirty-Years' Wars: mere sin and misery; not work, but hindrance of work! For the Earth, all this while, was yearly green and yellow with her kind harvests; the hand of the craftsman, the mind of the thinker rested not: and so, after all, and in spite of all, we have this so glorious, high-domed blossoming World; concerning which, poor

History may well ask with wonder, Whence *it* came? She knows so little of it, knows so much of what obstructed it, what would have rendered it impossible. Such, nevertheless, by necessity or foolish choice, is her rule and practice; whereby that paradox, "Happy the people whose annals are vacant," is not without its true side.

(CARLYLE: *The French Revolution*)

PROSPICE

Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,

And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
  Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become a peace out of pain,
  Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
  And with God be the rest!

(BROWNING: *Prospice*)

JOHN BULL

There is no species of humor in which the English more excel than that which consists in caricaturing and giving ludicrous appellations, or nicknames. In this way they have whimsically designated, not merely individuals, but nations; and, in their fondness for pushing a joke, they have not spared themselves. One would think that, in personifying itself, a nation would be apt to picture something grand, heroic, and imposing; but it is characteristic of the popular humor of the English, and of their love for what is blunt, comic, and familiar, that they have embodied their national oddities in the figure of a sturdy, corpulent old fellow, with a three-cornered hat, red waistcoat, leather breeches, and stout oaken cudgel. Thus they have taken a singular delight in exhibiting their most private foibles in a laughable point of view; and have been so successful in their delineations, that there is scarcely a being in actual existence more absolutely present to the public mind than that eccentric personage, John Bull.

(IRVING: *John Bull*)

MY STROLLING COMPANIONS

It was a quiet and still afternoon when I strolled forth in the goodly city of Edina. . . . In my solitary

walk through the city I had two humble but faithful companions. Diana, my poodle! sweetest of creatures! She had a quantity of hair over her one eye, and a blue ribbon tied fashionably around her neck. Diana was not more than five inches in height, but her head was somewhat bigger than her body, and her tail being cut off exceedingly close, gave an air of injured innocence to the interesting animal which rendered her a favorite with all. And Pompey, my negro! sweet Pompey! how shall I ever forget thee? I had taken Pompey's arm. He was about three feet in height (I like to be particular) and about seventy, or perhaps eighty, years of age. He had bowlegs and was corpulent. His mouth should not be called small, nor his ears short. His teeth, however, were like pearl, and his large full eyes were deliciously white. Nature had endowed him with no neck, and had placed his ankles (as usual with that race) in the middle of the upper portion of the feet. He was clad with a striking simplicity. His sole garments were a stock of nine inches in height, and a nearly new drab overcoat which had formerly been in the service of the tall, stately, and illustrious Dr. Moneypenny. It was a good overcoat. It was well cut. It was well made. The coat was nearly new. Pompey held it up out of the dirt with both hands.

(POE: *A Predicament*)

AN EDUCATED MAN

A university training is the great ordinary means to a great ordinary end; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular as-

pirations, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life. It is the education which gives a man a clearer conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging them. He is at home in any society, he has common ground with every class; he knows when to speak and when to be silent; he is able to converse, he is able to listen; he can ask a question pertinently, and gain a lesson seasonably, when he has nothing to impart himself; he is ever ready, yet never in the way; he is a pleasant companion, and a comrade you can depend upon; he knows when to be serious and when to trifle; and he has a sure tact which enables him to trifle with gracefulness and to be serious with effect. He has the repose of a mind which lives in itself, while it lives in the world, and has resources for its happiness at home when it cannot go abroad. He has a gift which serves him in public, and supports him in retirement, without which good fortune is but vulgar, and with which failure and disappointment have a charm.

(NEWMAN: *Idea of a University.*)

AN INTERRUPTED REPAST

While they were thus speaking, Locksley's loud and repeated knocks had at length disturbed the anchorite and his guest. "By my beads," — said the hermit, stopping short in a grand flourish, "here come more benighted guests. I would not for my cowl that they found us in this goodly exercise. All men have their enemies, good Sir Sluggard; and there be those malignant enough to construe the hospitable refreshment

which I have been offering to you, a weary traveller, for the matter of three short hours, into sheer drunkenness and debauchery, vices alike alien to my profession and my disposition."

"Base calumniators!" replied the knight; "I would I had the chastising of them. Nevertheless, Holy Clerk, it is true that all have their enemies; and there be those in this very land whom I would rather speak to through the bars of my helmet than barefaced."

"Get thine iron pot on thy head then, friend Sluggard; as quickly as thy nature will permit," said the hermit, "while I remove these pewter flagons, whose late contents run strangely in mine own pate; and to drown the clatter,— for, in faith, I feel somewhat unsteady — strike into the tune which thou hearest me sing. It is no matter for the words; I scarce know them myself."

So saying, he struck up a thundering *De profundis clamavi*, under cover of which he removed the apparatus of their banquet; while the knight, laughing heartily, and arming himself all the while, assisted his host with his voice from time to time as his mirth permitted.

(SCOTT: *Ivanhoe*)

THE COMBAT OF SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

He spoke, and Rustum answer'd not, but hurled
His spear; down from the shoulder, down it came,
As on some partridge in the corn a hawk,
That long has tower'd in the airy clouds,
Drops like a plummet; Sohrab saw it come,
And sprang aside, quick as a flash; the spear
Hiss'd and went quivering down into the sand,
Which it sent flying wide; — then Sohrab threw

In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield; sharp rang,
The iron plates rang sharp, but turned the spear.
And Rustum seized his club, which none but he
Could wield; an unlopped trunk it was, and huge,
Still rough — like those which men in treeless plains
To build them boats fish from the flooded rivers,
Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up
By their dark springs, the wind in winter-time
Hath made in Himalayan forests wrack,
And strewn the channels with torn boughs — so huge
The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck
One stroke; but again Sohrab sprang aside,
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came
Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's hand.
And Rustum follow'd his own blow, and fell
To his knees, and with his fingers clutch'd the sand;
And now might Sohrab have unsheathed his sword,
And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay
Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand;
But he look'd on, smiled, nor bared his sword,
But courteously drew back.

(ARNOLD: *Sohrab and Rustum*)

SUMMER STORM

Now on the hills I hear the thunder mutter,
  The wind is gathering in the west;
The upturned leaves first whiten and flutter,
  Then droop to a fitful rest;
Up from the stream with sluggish flap
  Struggles the gull and floats away;
Nearer and nearer rolls the thunder-clap,—
  We shall not see the sun go down to-day:

Now leaps the wind on the sleepy marsh,
And tramples the grass with terrified feet,
The startled river turns leaden and harsh,
You can hear the quick heart of the tempest beat.
Look! Look! that livid flash!
And instantly follows the rattling thunder,
As if some cloud-crag, split asunder,
Fell, splintering with a ruinous crash,
On the earth, which crouches in silence under;
And now a solid grey wall of rain
Shuts off the landscape, mile by mile;
For a breath's space I see the blue wood again,
And ere the next heart-beat, the wind-hurled pile,
That seemed but now a league aloof
Bursts crackling o'er the sun-parched roof;
Against the windows the storm comes dashing,
Through tattered foliage the hail tears crashing,
The blue lightning flashes,
The rapid hail clashes,
The white waves are tumbling,
And in one baffled roar,
Like the toothless sea mumbling
A rock bristled shore,
The thunder is rumbling
And crashing and crumbling —
Will silence return nevermore?

(LOWELL: *Summer Storm*)

CHAPTER VI

PRONUNCIATION

Ability to make the vowel and consonant sounds correctly and distinctly is absolutely essential to good pronunciation. But the ability to make every sound of the language with accuracy does not insure good pronunciation, which is a matter of broader scope. In the first place, it requires in the case of every word a knowledge of the particular values attached to the letters composing that word. A person may, for example, be able to produce the score or more of sounds represented by the letters in *machine;* but that does not guarantee that he will not pronounce the word *mashīne,* or *makēēn,* or something else.

Furthermore, good pronunciation requires correct placing of accent; exclusion of silent letters; inclusion of all requisite sounds; avoidance of adding superfluous sounds; utterance of the sounds in their proper order; and freedom from super-accuracy, which constitutes affectation. Each of these factors may now be considered in some detail, with this salient idea in mind: that a person is put in the way of improving his pronunciation when he becomes thoroughly aware of the points of difficulty.

Pronouncing correctly with respect to the accepted values of vowels and consonants is difficult because of the wide range of these values in the English language. To illustrate, the letter *a* has half a dozen values in

common use (*fate, fat, father, fast, fall, opera*); the letter *o* has seven (*hole, hot, honey, move, wolf, nor, instructor*); the letter *g* has three (*go, gem, rouge*); the letter *s* has four (*see, sugar, tease, treasurer*); and these examples might of course be multiplied. Furthermore, in our spelling, most of the sounds of the language are represented in a variety of ways, as has been specifically shown in the preceding chapters. To recall one or two of the more important examples, the sound of long *e* (see p. 16) is represented in twelve different ways (*mete, beet, beat, receive, believe, people, key, Cæsar, machine, quay, Phœnix, Portuguese*); the sound of *sh* (see p. 41) is represented in at least ten ways (*shame, machine, vicious, sure, schist, conscious, passion, declension, caution, anxious*). From these examples alone, it is clear why rules of pronunciation [1] are futile in the face of the intricacies of English spelling and letter values.

Improvement in pronunciation must be sought in other ways. The first step is taken when a thorough familiarity with the information in the preceding two chapters is gained. That enables one to attack the problem intelligently. The next step calls for a "long farewell" to carelessness — that arch-foe of good pronunciation. A fairly large percentage of the mispronunciations heard are due, not to ignorance, but to habitual indifference. Many persons who say, for instance, *set* for *sit*, or *governmunt* for *government*, know the respective values of *i* and *e* in these words, but they do not take the trouble to give them. In some

[1] One very simple and stable principle is worth noting: a vowel is never long before a doubled consonant.

cases, of course, people do not know the value of certain letters in certain words. Is the *c in enunciate*, for example, given the *s* or the *sh* sound? If a person is uncertain about any word which he meets in his reading, or which he has occasion to use in his speaking, he should consult a good dictionary at the earliest opportunity, and make frequent use of the word for a time thereafter to fix it in his memory. If he is not within reach of a dictionary at the moment, he should jot down the word in a pocket note-book kept for that purpose, or even on the back of an old envelope. That is the third step in improvement: getting the dictionary habit. Whatever may be said about being guided in pronunciation by "good usage"— the standard set by those who speak the language well — the practical, because available, guide in the vast majority of cases is a good dictionary. Still, the fourth suggestion is that the student take advantage of the pronunciation which he hears. Reference was made above to those words about the pronunciation of which a person is uncertain. In such cases the need to consult the dictionary is clear. But other words he habitually mispronounces without any question as to his correctness. The only chance of remedying such mistakes lies in hearing a different pronunciation, which points to the necessity of looking the words up. Careful observation of the speech of others for the purpose of checking up one's own pronunciation is of great value.

Next in difficulty to giving the correct vowel and consonant values in the pronunciation of words is the placing of accent. It is claimed by some that a knowledge of Latin and Greek is of assistance in this matter. But

our language has been drawn from so many sources besides these, and has been so vigorous and diversified in its development, that classical scholarship fails to solve one's accenting problems. One or two general principles may be helpful in case of doubt. The first of these is that English polysyllabics tend to receive the accent on the first or second syllable (*declámatory*, *despicable*, *aggrándizement*, etc.) but this is only a tendency, for a large number of words are at variance with the principle (*manufácture*, *pronunciátion*, *pertinácious*, etc.). Perhaps a more stable principle is that dissyllables having the same spelling for the noun and the verb usually take the accent on the first syllable for the former, and on the last syllable for the latter (*áccent-accént*, *cónduct-conduct*, *cónvict-convict*, etc.). There are, however, numerous exceptions such as *reply*, *answer*, *defeat*, etc., which have the same accent for noun and verb. In the main, the student must depend for correcting misplaced accents upon the general suggestions already given for bettering his pronunciation.

Another fault of common occurrence is the sounding of letters which should be silent. The chapter on consonant sounds pointed out a number of cases wherein certain letters are always silent in specified positions. To cite a few illustrative instances, *b* is generally silent when preceded by *m* or followed by *t* in the same syllable (*dumb*, *numb*, *debt*, *doubt*, etc.); *h* is silent after initial *g* or *r* (*ghost*, *ghoul*, *rhubarb*, *rheumatism*, etc.); *k* is silent before *n* and after *c* in the same syllable (*kneel*, *knock*, *rack*, *sack*, etc.); initial *p* is silent before *s*, *sh*, and *t* (*psalm*, *pshaw*, *ptomaine*, etc.). The student can very readily familiarize himself with such instances. But beyond the classifiable cases there are a

number of words containing letters which are silent on no fixed principle. For example, the *i* in *business* is not sounded; nor is the *a* in *extraordinary*, the second *a* in *parliament*, the *t* in *often*, etc. When a letter is uniformly silent in a given position, the principle should be taken advantage of, but in the irregular cases the words must be learned outright.

A fault of much more frequent occurrence than the above is the omission of sounds which belong to words. The sounding of silent letters is almost invariably due to ignorance of the correct pronunciation; the omission of requisite sounds, on the contrary, is in the majority of cases, due to carelessness or too rapid utterance. A person who sounds the *t* in *often* probably does not know the correct pronunciation, but if he says *goverment* for *government*, *reconize* for *recognize*, etc., the probability is that he is simply careless and slovenly in his manner of speech. This fault may occur at the beginning, in the middle, or at the end of words (*'ome, forme'ly, nex'* for *home, formerly, next*).

There are some instances in which the clipping of sounds is sanctioned by good usage. This occurs chiefly in the joining of pronouns and verbs, such as *How d'you do? Let's try*, etc. Such legitimate shortcuts, however, are not to be confused with the unwarranted and indiscriminate omissions previously pointed out.

Carelessness in speech, which is largely responsible for the fault under discussion, may at first be a conscious "let down" for convivial purposes. But it very readily fastens upon a person as a confirmed habit, just as does the use of slang. Those who on the street or in the park adopt the *C'mon-Jim,-this-'sno-place-f'rus*

style of pronunciation soon display the same illiterate mutilation of the language on all occasions.

Two things will go far toward relieving one's pronunciation of this deplorable fault of clipping. The first is to take a sufficient amount of pride in one's speech to banish carelessness. There are enough mispronunciations due to uncertainty or ignorance without multiplying the number by mistakes in words which the average child knows. A second guard against clipping is to speak with sufficient deliberateness to include all the requisite sounds. The common habit of rapid utterance is altogether uncalled for. There are rare occasions when people are obliged to "talk fast"; but they are not so eternally engaged in catching trains or dodging automobiles as to explain or excuse the large number of dismembered words which are heard.

The addition of an extra sound to certain words constitutes another type of mispronunciation. This is often due to incorrect observation, to a mistaken image of the words. That is, the person who adds such sounds, usually, though not always, misspells the words concerned. The following examples will serve to illustrate the error; *film* pronounced *fillum*, *grievous* pronounced *grevious*, *elm* pronounced *ellum*, and *athletic* pronounced *athaletic*. This fault can in great measure be corrected by giving more attention to the words which one reads, and by observing carefully the pronunciation of those who speak well.

This same method of correction is applicable to another type of mispronunciation: the transposition of a vowel and a consonant. Fortunately, this error is confined to relatively few words, but its commission constitutes a glaring fault when it does occur. Examples

are: *calvary* for *cavalry*, *perduce* for *produce*, *areoplane* for *aeroplane*, etc.

The final short-coming of pronunciation to be noted is over-accuracy. The person who pronounces laboriously is open to the charge of affectation, and is a subject for ridicule. Moreover, he is committing a fault of speech more serious than an occasional mispronunciation in that he constantly distracts attention from the thought to the manner of utterance. Good pronunciation is not only correct, but it is also easy, free from apparent effort on the part of the speaker. Such pronunciation cannot be assumed for special occasions and neglected for all ordinary purposes. If a person has it at all, it is because he has been brought up with it, or has cultivated it as consistently as an athlete would cultivate his muscles for a contest.

Probably such a thing as a perfect pronunciation does not exist; all circumstances considered, it is hardly within the scope of practical realization. The best of speakers make occasional mistakes. But the rank and file make a great many mistakes, most of them unnecessary. And it is greatly to the student's interest that he reduce his errors to a minimum by following the suggestions presented. To summarize these suggestions briefly: read with attention to words to note their composition; listen carefully to the pronunciation of those who speak English well; investigate those words wherein their pronunciation differs from your own; cultivate the persistent use of the dictionary, preferably with the aid of a note-book for your new acquisitions; have done absolutely with careless, indifferent speaking; habituate yourself to correct pronunciation by its constant observance so that you will not suggest a long-

shoreman in evening clothes when you speak with accuracy.

EXERCISE

NOTE: Tne following words are frequently mispronounced in the manner indicated by the various group headings. The student should ascertain the correct pronunciation of each word, and should supplement the various groups with such words as he hears commonly mispronounced.

I. WRONG VOWEL VALUE

amenable
audacious
bade
calculate
calm
coffee
courteous
deaf
docile
epoch
extra
faucet
favorite
financier
gather
gentlemen
God
grimy
heroine
hoof
instead
isolate
Italian
judgment
kettle
lilac
magnificent
masculine
measure
mock
national
nothing
office
pageant
patron
process
product
ration
rational
root
route
says
scoff
stupid
suite
theater
tube
tune
villain
virile
virulent
wrestle
writhe
you

II. WRONG CONSONANT VALUE

because
chasm
chicanery
chiropodist
disaster
enunciate

example
gesture
immediate
Japanese
length
luxury
mushroom
pantomime
persist
pincers
pronunciation
sacrifice (verb)
strength
tedious
tranquil
with

III. Misplaced Accent

abdomen
admirable
ally
ancestral
antipodes
applicable
blasphemous
chivalrous
comparable
contribute
decade
defect
deficit
demonstrate
despicable
dictate
dirigible
disputant
equitable
exigency
exquisite
formidable
horizon
hyperbole
idea
impiously
indisputable
influence
inquiry
integral
irreparable
irrevocable
lamentable
locate
mankind
municipal
Monroe
museum
opportune
police
positively
precedence
precedent (noun)
preferable
promulgate
rapine
referable
reparable
reputable
resource
revocable
robust
sonorous
sovereignty

IV. Silent Letters Sounded

almond
comptroller
corps
extraordinary
hasten
often
parliament
salmon
subtle
sword
toward

V. Sounds Omitted

arctic	jewel	sarsaparilla
cartridge	Latin	secretary
cemetery	partiality	suggest
district	pencil	suppose
February	poem	surprise
formerly	president	temperature
history	prosperous	thousand
hound	quarrel	valuable
humble	really	victory
insects	recognize	wharf
interest	regularly	which
ivory	ruin	while

VI. Sounds Added

across	elm	obtrusive
alpaca	film	prairie
athletic	grievous	preventive
column	idea	saw
draw	law	umbrella

VII. Vowel and Consonant Sounds Transposed

cavalry	hundred	prefer
aeroplane	irrelevant	prescription
children	iron	prevent
doctrine	perspiration	produce

CHAPTER VII

INTRODUCTION TO THE VOCAL PROPERTIES

The aims of the speaker in the use of his voice are to convey his thoughts and feelings clearly, convincingly, and in a persuasive, attractive manner. A mastery of the fundamentals presented in the foregoing chapters will contribute much to these ends. In further cultivating his speaking ability the student must give careful attention to the following factors of utterance: quality, force, pitch, and rate. Proceeding to the consideration of these elements, he should keep in mind two general ideas. First, it is desirable to acquire a knowledge of the most effective employment of vocal properties in expressing various types of thought and emotion. This knowledge should be so absorbed in connection with his practice that the proper vocal responses will become, in a large measure, habitual, automatic. If this is achieved he will, to illustrate, speak with instinctive deliberateness when he wishes to impress an audience with the need for careful consideration; or with low pitch if he desires to arouse a feeling of sympathy. Similarly, his pauses, stresses, and inflections to indicate the varied relationships of thought will be largely a product of subconscious direction. Some writers go so far as to say that the mechanics of the voice must become absolutely automatic. While it is undoubtedly true that the speaker is largely occupied with the thought develop-

ment, and can give little or no heed to minor mechanical details, still, he should be able to exercise a general control over his expression. The point of this paragraph is, however, that a thorough understanding of the varied capacities of the voice, and thoughtful, persistent practice in their proper use will tend to produce the most effective adaptation of delivery to thought and emotion with the least conscious effort.

Now for the second general idea to be kept in mind while working on voice properties. Assuming that by instinct, either natural or acquired, a person is aware of the most approved manner of handling the voice in a given situation, he may still be a poor speaker owing to a lack of physical skill or capacity. Many of us know how certain types of musical composition should be played, on the piano, let us say,— loud here, soft there, now rapidly, now slowly,— and yet, perhaps, we can not do these things well because we have not had sufficient practice to enable our muscles to answer the demands of our brains. So in speaking, while it is highly desirable to know the theories underlying good vocal expression, the practice in actual application is even more important if one is to acquire, not the mastery of the artist, but a sufficient degree of strength, beauty, and flexibility of utterance to make one's speaking clear, convincing, persuasive and attractive.

It is well to emphasize at the outset the remarkable possibilities of speech variation, or, as it is often called, modulation. One can readily imagine how unbearable and even unintelligible would be an address delivered with a single tone, broken only by pauses at regular intervals. Some people approach all too nearly such a dreadful monotony; others use greater variety, but do so without

taking full advantage of the means at their disposal. Most of us can both improve our voices and increase the effectiveness with which we employ the modulations of quality, force, pitch, and rate in the interpretation of our thoughts and feelings. The following analysis presents a general view of the scope of voice modulation, and the succeeding chapters will discuss the various factors in detail.

SCOPE OF VOCAL MODULATION

Quality	*Force*	*Pitch*	*Rate*
normal			
orotund			
aspirate	normal	middle	normal
guttural			
pectoral	subdued	low	slow
oral			
nasal	energetic	high	fast
falsetto			

CHAPTER VIII

VOICE QUALITY

Quality of tone, whether vocal or instrumental, is the essential nature, or character, of the sound. It depends mainly upon the material of the vibrating media, the size and shape of these media, and the size, shape, and material of the enclosure in which the vibrations occur. For these reasons, a violin produces a quality of tone which is entirely distinct from that of a trumpet. The clarinet has still a different quality. In the first case, the vibrating media are catgut and wood; in the second, metal; in the third, reed and wood. Moreover, there are essential differences of shape and size in these instruments. Just as the violin, or trumpet, or clarinet has each its distinctive tone quality, so has the human voice. Again, violins of different makes and grades have varying qualities of tone. Similarly, people all have voices peculiar to themselves; you are able to recognize your intimate acquaintances by hearing them speak, even if you cannot see them. A difference, great or small, in the texture, size, or shape of the vocal bands, the larynx, the pharynx, the mouth, or the nasal passages results in a corresponding difference in voice quality. Therefore, each individual has his characteristic quality of voice, inasmuch as in no two persons are all these factors exactly alike.

Besides his characteristic, normal quality, each individual can produce several different qualities by varying

the focus of the breath current, or changing the shape of the larynx and the resonance cavities, i. e., the pharynx, mouth, and nasal chambers. These varying qualities manifest themselves as effects of the person's thoughts, and particularly his feelings, upon the vocal apparatus. For example, intense rage constricts the throat, producing a harsh quality called the guttural; the desire to limit the audibility of the voice causes the speaker to separate the vocal bands in such a way as to produce a whisper. Of course, it would be impossible to tabulate the infinite variety of shades and blends, but writers on the voice have roughly classified the clearly distinguishable qualities as follows: normal, orotund, aspirate, guttural, pectoral, oral, nasal, and falsetto.

The first three of these are worthy of study and practice for purposes of practical speaking. The others may be dismissed with a few brief comments, as they concern chiefly the actor or professional reader and are noted here that they may be, in the main, avoided, in practical speaking.

Undesirable Qualities

The guttural, as suggested above, is a harsh, throaty quality, which is sometimes used in the expression of uncontrolled rage. The rush of blood distending the throat membranes make the passage of breath difficult; and the result is a rasping voice, very trying to the throat. The difference between a dog's normal bark and his growl of anger affords an interesting parallel to the human change from normal to guttural.

The so-called pectoral is a hollow, somewhat breathy quality, which gives the effect of being produced in the region of the chest. In reality, according to Dr. Rush,

it is the result of resonance in the pharynx rigidly expanded. The pectoral manifests physical, mental, or emotional oppression, such as pain, anguish, exhaustion, or despair.

The oral (mouth) quality has merely a front, mouth resonance which produces a thin, somewhat metallic effect. It is, to be sure, clear, if uttered with clean-cut articulation. It carries a suggestion of lightness, triviality, or a lack of sufficient interest in one's subject to put any " heart " into the voice.

The nasal quality, sometimes referred to as the " nasal twang," is a very unpleasant one. When not obviously due to a chronic nasal obstruction, or associated with a crude, uncultivated style of speech, it suggests a malicious, " snarling " state of mind. The common expression, " talking through the nose," is misleading with reference to the nasal quality. It is just the opposite. The soft palate is permitted to droop abnormally, thus directing a large amount of breath into the nasal chambers; at the same time the passages leading out through the nostrils are contracted, thus stopping the escape of the breath. A considerable mixture of nasal resonance is highly desirable for a strong, rich, vibrant voice, but the nasal passages must be kept open throughout in order to avoid the " twang."

The falsetto quality is a thin type, mainly above the range of the speaker's natural pitch. It is sometimes employed in ridicule, especially in imitating the piping tones of childhood, old age, or the shrewish person.

The Normal Quality

The quality which we employ for all ordinary purposes, our habitual, characteristic quality, is known as

the normal tone. It is produced with regular vocalization of the vowels and semi-consonants, and with the walls of the resonance cavities in normal position. Since the great bulk of our utterance, whether in conversation or speech-making, calls for the normal quality, it is especially desirable that it should be clear, resonant, and agreeable to the ear. Some people are naturally gifted with beautiful speaking voices. This is an enviable possession, which will always, probably, be limited to the favored few. The vast majority of us have ordinarily agreeable voices, capable, on the one hand, of much improvement by intelligent use, and, on the other hand, of deterioration by neglect, rough usage, and bad habits, such as yelling, excessive smoking, etc. Not infrequently a person's normal quality is gruff, strident, husky, nasal, thin, or squeaky. He should take immediate steps to overcome his fault, whatever it may be.

Every student should cultivate the ability to listen critically to the sound of his own voice, and note if it has any of the shortcomings mentioned above. Moreover, he should observe the voices of others for the purpose of comparing them with his own. Some one's strong, clear, pleasing voice may serve as a helpful standard for a less fortunate person's imitation. The student should try to produce a clear, agreeable quality in his every-day speaking as well as in his class-room work. The final suggestion is that the student observe that a relaxed throat, clear, open nasal passages, an avoidance of undue forcing of the breath, freely-moving jaws and lips for the unhindered outflow of sounds, and a mental tone image of the desired voice product — these are essential to an effective and pleasing voice quality.

EXERCISES TO DEVELOP GOOD NORMAL QUALITY

I. Sound the long vowels a-e-i-o-u, using a middle pitch, and sustaining each vowel as long as a full, unwavering tone can be comfortably produced. Note carefully that no nasal, throaty, or other disagreeable element is allowed to appear.

II. Utter the same vowel sounds, slowly, beginning each one moderately low and raising the voice smoothly to a higher pitch.

III. Use the same sounds, substituting a downward movement on each one.

IV. Pronounce slowly, and in clear, resonant tones, the following words: beam - bold - clear - far - gay - hold keen - law - loom - muse - nine - ocean - pealing - roar soothing - time - vain - wander - way - weep - wine - woo.

V. Read the following sentences, slowly, and with the idea of giving each one a clear, agreeable expression:

a. Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying. (TENNYSON)

b. Sunset and evening star, and one clear call for me! (TENNYSON)

c. Alone, alone, all, all alone, alone on a wide, wide sea. (COLERIDGE)

d. The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath. (SHAKESPEARE)

e. It is, indeed, the empire of Death; his great shadowy palace, where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of Princes. (IRVING)

f. But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The

brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. (LINCOLN)

g. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars; they are at peace. (INGERSOLL)

h. Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago. (WORDSWORTH)

i. Over the sea our galleys went,
With cleaving prows in order brave
To a speeding wind and a bounding wave —
A gallant armament. (BROWNING)

j. While the present century was in its teens, and on one sunshiny morning in June, there drove up to the great iron gate of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies, . . . a large family coach, with two fat horses in blazing harness, driven by a fat coachman in a three-cornered hat and wig. (THACKERAY)

SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICAL APPLICATION

THE BUFFOON AND THE COUNTRYMAN

A rich nobleman once opened the theaters without charge to the people, and gave public notice that he would handsomely reward any person who should invent a new amusement for the occasion. Various public performers contended for the prize. Among them came a buffoon well known among the populace for his jokes, and said that he had a kind of entertainment which had

never been brought out on any stage before. This report being spread about made a great stir in the place, and the theater was crowded in every part. The buffoon appeared alone upon the boards, without any apparatus or confederates, and the very sense of expectation caused an intense silence. The buffoon suddenly bent his head toward his bosom, and imitated the squeaking of a little pig so admirably with his voice, that the audience declared that he had a porker under his cloak, and demanded that it should be shaken out. When this was done, and yet nothing was found, they cheered the actor, and loaded him with the loudest applause. A countryman in the crowd, observing all that had passed, said, "So help me, Hercules, he shall not beat me at that trick!" and at once proclaimed that he would do the same thing on the next day, though in a much more natural way. On the morrow a still larger crowd assembled in the theater; but now partiality for their favorite actor generally prevailed, and the audience came rather to ridicule the countryman than to see the spectacle. Both of the performers appeared, however, on the stage. The buffoon grunted and squeaked very fast, and obtained, as on the preceding day, the applause and cheers of the spectators. Next the countryman commenced, and pretending that he concealed a little pig beneath his clothes (which in truth he did, but not suspected of the audience) contrived to lay hold of and pull his ear, when he began to squeak, and to express in his pain the actual cry of the pig. The crowd, however, cried out with one consent that the buffoon had given a far more exact imitation, and clamored for the countryman to be kicked out of the theater. On this the rustic produced the little pig from his cloak, and

showed by the most positive proof the greatness of their mistake. "Look here," he said, "this shows what sort of judges you are." (ÆSOP: *The Buffoon and the Countryman*)

ENGLAND AND AMERICA

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, if it be true that I have been so fortunate as to contribute in any way to the friendly relations which exist at present between England and America, it is simply because I have taken a plain, downright course for effecting this object. The fact of it is, gentlemen, that, according to old customs, when any causes for difference, however slight, existed between our two governments, down sat Her Majesty's Representative at his desk, and down sat the United States Secretary of State at his desk, and each penned to the other very pithy and pertinent despatches, showing the great motives for grievance there were on both sides, and then those despatches were carefully circulated throughout both countries; but when there were only causes for mutual good-will and satisfaction, no one thought it worth while to take notice of so simple a fact, nor to state to the English and American public what strong reasons, both in sentiment and interest, there existed for their maintaining the closest and most friendly relations with each other. This was the old school of diplomacy, gentlemen; but I am of the new school — and my theory and practice are just the reverse of what I have been describing. I am for keeping as quiet as possible all those small differences which must occasionally take place between any two great States, having vast and complicated interests; but which differences are always easy of adjustment when they are not

aggravated by unfriendly and untimely discussion. And I am for making as public as possible, on all occasions, those great points of union that must connect two nations, which not only . . . have one origin, and speak one language, but which also transact their greatest amount of business with each other. (BULWER: *Speech on England and America*)

FEMALE ORATORS

It has been said in the praise of some men, that they could talk whole hours upon anything; but it must be owned to the honor of the other sex, that there are many among them who can talk whole hours together upon nothing. I have known a woman to branch out into a long extempore dissertation upon the edging of a petticoat, and chide her servant for breaking a china cup in all the figures of rhetoric. . . .

The first kind . . . of female orators which I shall take notice of are those who are employed in stirring up the passions, a part of rhetoric in which Socrates' wife had perhaps made a greater proficiency than his [1] . . . teacher. The second kind of female orators are those who deal in invectives, and who are commonly known by the name of the censorious. The imagination and elocution of this set of rhetoricians is wonderful. With what a fluency of invention and copiousness of expression will they enlarge upon every little slip in the behavior of another! With how many different circumstances, and with what variety of phrases, will they tell over the same story! I have known an old lady to make an unhappy marriage the subject of a month's conversation. She blamed the bride in one place; pitied her in another;

[1] Socrates' teacher, Plato.

laughed at her in a third; wondered at her in a fourth; was angry with her in a fifth; and in short, wore out a pair of coach-horses in expressing her concern for her. At length, after having quite exhausted the subject on this side, she made a visit to the new-married pair, praised the wife for the prudent choice she had made, told her the unreasonable reflections which some malicious people had cast upon her, and desired that they might be better acquainted. The censure and approbation of this kind of woman are therefore only to be considered as helps to discourse. A third kind of female orator may be comprehended under the word gossips. Mrs. Fiddle Faddle is perfectly accomplished in this sort of eloquence; she launches out into descriptions of christenings, runs divisions upon an headdress, knows every dish of meat that is served up in her neighborhood, and entertains her company a whole afternoon together with the wit of her little boy, before he is able to speak. . . .

As for newsmongers, politicians, mimics, story-tellers, with other characters of that nature, which give birth to loquacity, they are as commonly found among the men as the women; for which reason I shall pass over them in silence. (Addison: *The Spectator*)

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS

Observation, with extended view, perceives that people in general are more deeply interested in what they call amusements than in serious occupations. You must study popular amusements, therefore, if you wish to understand the mental condition and tendency of the people. Those matters engross much attention, and it is through the discussion and guidance of their amuse-

ments that the people are most directly reached and affected. Two methods of that discussion and guidance, both long in vogue, are sharply contrasted in contemporary practice — that of universal laudation, and that of objection and remonstrance. The former largely predominates, and it has wrought evil by making bad matters worse. Within recent years — although noble and beautiful works have been shown, and important steps have been taken — an avalanche of trash has been cast upon the stage, and the people have accepted it and have, practically, approved it,— while scarcely a voice among public censors has been raised against that flagrant abuse of the theater. On the contrary, the public has been told to accept it, has been praised for accepting it, and has been prompted to encourage the extension of it. "We are a hard-working, nervous, tired community"— so runs the stream of mischievous counsel —"and we need recreation. When we go to the theater we want to be amused. We do not want to think. Let us have something light!" Thus cajoled, and thus cajoling itself, the popular intelligence surrenders to folly, and the average theatrical manager brings forth Rag Babies and Parlor Matches, and complacently remarks, "I must give them what they want." (WINTER: *The Right Standard*)

ANTONIO'S SADNESS

(*Antonio*)

In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.
(*Salarino*)
Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,
Like seigniors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.
(*Salanio*)
Believe me, sir, had I such ventures forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.
(*Salarino*)
My wind cooling my broth
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Veiling her high top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,

And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

(SHAKESPEARE: *Merchant of Venice*)

LABOR UNIONS AND COMBINATIONS OF CAPITAL

With reference to my attitude toward labor unions, I believe it to be just as proper and advantageous for labor to associate itself into organized groups for the advancement of its legitimate interests, as for capital to combine for the same object. Such associations of labor manifest themselves in promoting collective bargaining, in an effort to secure better working and living conditions, in providing machinery whereby grievances may easily and without prejudice to the individual be taken up with the management. Sometimes they provide benefit features, sometimes they seek to increase wages; but whatever their specific purpose, so long as it is to promote the well-being of the employees, having always due regard for the just interests of the employer and the public, leaving every worker free to associate himself with such groups or to work independently as he may choose — I favor them most heartily. Combinations of capital are sometimes conducted in an unworthy manner contrary to law and in disregard of the interest both of labor and the public. Such combinations cannot be too strongly condemned nor too vigorously dealt with. Although combinations of this kind are the exception, such publicity is generally given to their unsocial acts that all combinations of capital, however rightly man-

aged or broadly beneficent, are thereby brought under suspicion. Likewise, it sometimes happens that combinations of labor are conducted without just regards for the rights of the employer or the public, and methods and practices adopted which, because unworthy or unlawful, are deserving of public censure. Such organizations of labor bring discredit and suspicion upon other organizations which are legitimate and useful, just as is the case with improper combinations of capital, and they should be similarly dealt with. I should be the last, however, to allow the occasional failure in the working of the principle of the organization of labor to prejudice me against the principle itself, for in that principle I strongly believe. In the further development of the organization of labor and of large business, the public interest, as well as the interest of labor and capital alike, will, it seems to me, be best advanced by whatever stimulates every man to do the best work of which he is capable; by a fuller recognition of the common interest of employers and employed; and by an earnest effort to dispel distrust and hatred and to promote good will. (JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR.: *Address to the Denver Chamber of Commerce*)

THE DISCOVERY OF ROAST PIG

The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. To-

gether with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remains of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? — not from the burnt cottage — he had smelt that smell before — indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrender-

ing himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and, finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. (LAMB: *Dissertation on Roast Pig*)

INTRODUCTION TO THE NOMINATION OF SHERMAN

I have witnessed the extraordinary scenes of this convention with deep solicitude. Nothing touches my heart more quickly than a tribute of honor to a great and noble character; but as I sat in my seat and witnessed this great demonstration, this assemblage seemed to me a human ocean in tempest. I have seen the sea lashed into fury and tossed into spray, and its grandeur moves the soul of the dullest man; but I remember that it is not the billows, but the calm level of the sea, from which all heights and depths are measured. When the storm has passed and the hour of calm has settled on the ocean, when the sunlight bathes its peaceful surface, then the astronomer and the surveyor take the level from which they measure all terrestrial heights and depths.

Gentlemen of the Convention, your present temper may not mark the healthful pulse of our people. When your enthusiasm has passed, when the emotions of this hour have subsided, we shall find below the storm and

passion that calm level of public opinion from which the thoughts of a mighty people are to be measured, and by which final action will be determined.

Not here, in this brilliant circle, where fifteen thousand men and women are gathered, is the destiny of the Republic to be decreed for the next four years. Not here where I see the enthusiastic faces of seven hundred and fifty-six delegates, waiting to cast their lots into the urn and determine the choice of the Republic, but by four millions of Republican firesides, where the thoughtful voters, with wives and children about them, with the calm thoughts inspired by love of home and country, with the history of the past, the hopes of the future, and reverence for the great men who have adorned and blessed our nation in days gone by, burning in their hearts,— there God prepares the verdict which will determine the wisdom of our work to-night. Not in Chicago, in the heat of June, but at the ballot-boxes of the Republic, in the quiet of November, after the silence of deliberate judgment, will this question be settled. And now, gentlemen of the Convention, what do we want?

(GARFIELD: *Speech Nominating Sherman for President of the U. S.*)

WRITERS' VICES IN THE AGE OF JOHNSON

As every climate has its peculiar diseases, so every walk of life has its peculiar temptations. The literary character, assuredly, has always had its share of faults — vanity, jealousy, morbid sensibility. To these faults were now [in Samuel Johnson's time] superadded all the faults which are commonly found in men whose livelihood is precarious, and whose principles are ex-

posed to the trial of severe distress. All the vices of the gambler and of the beggar were blended with those of the author. The prizes in the wretched lottery of book-making were scarcely less ruinous than the blanks. If good fortune came, it came in such a manner that it was almost certain to be abused. After months of starvation and despair, a full third night, or a well-received dedication, filled the pocket of the lean, ragged, unwashed poet with guineas. He hastened to enjoy those luxuries with the images of which his mind had been haunted while sleeping amidst the cinders, and eating potatoes at the Irish ordinary in Shoe Lane. A week of taverns soon qualified him for another year of night cellars. Such was the life of Savage, of Boyce, and of a crowd of others. Sometimes blazing in gold-laced hats and waistcoats, sometimes lying in bed because their coats had gone to pieces, or wearing paper cravats because their linen was in pawn; sometimes drinking Champagne and Tokay with Betty Careless; sometimes standing at the window of an eating-house in Porridge Island, to snuff up the scent of what they could not afford to taste; they knew luxury; they knew beggary; but they never knew comfort. These men were irreclaimable. They looked on a regular and frugal life with the same aversion which an old gypsy or a Mohawk hunter feels for a stationary abode, and for the restraints and securities of civilized communities. They were as untamable, as wedded to their desolate freedom, as the wild ass. They could no more be broken in to the offices of social man than the unicorn could be trained to serve and abide by the crib. It was well if they did not, like beasts of a still fiercer race, tear the hands which ministered to their necessities. To

assist them was impossible; and the most benevolent of mankind at length became weary of giving relief which was dissipated with the wildest profusion as soon as it had been received.

(MACAULAY: *Essay on Dr. Samuel Johnson*)

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS

There came a youth upon the earth,
  Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plow, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise-shell
  He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had
  Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine:

And so, well pleased with being soothed
  Into a sweet half-sleep,
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
  And yet he used them so,
That what in other mouths were rough
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
In whom no good they saw;
And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,
For idly, hour by hour,
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
Did teach him all their use,
For in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech was wise,
But, when a glance they caught
Of his slim grace, and woman's eyes,
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
And e'en his memory dim,
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love because of him.

And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.
(LOWELL: *The Shepherd of King Admetus*)

THE OROTUND QUALITY

Sometimes a person has occasion to express and to arouse in others a sense of sublimity, grandeur, or

profundity — something above or beyond the thoughts or emotions of ordinary experience. Rarely would an entire address express such a mood, but occasionally loftiness characterizes a thought or a group of thoughts. Moods of this kind are typified by the sentiments expressed in such well-known utterances as Byron's *Apostrophe to the Ocean*, Kipling's *Recessional*, the closing passage of Webster's *Reply to Hayne*, and the *Organ Passage* in Irving's *Westminster Abbey*. In these cases, utterance in the normal voice quality seems strikingly flat and inadequate. If the student will read the following stanza from the *Recessional* in the normal quality, he will readily perceive that the voice misrepresents the sentiment.

God of our fathers, known of old —
Lord of our far-flung battle-line —
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

The normal quality of voice does not express the grandeur of thought and emotion inherent in the words. One feels here the need of a larger, fuller, more resonant and sounding voice to be in keeping with the sentiment. The quality which answers to this description is commonly known as the orotund.

Speech in the orotund quality approaches a singing, or rather a chanting, manner. The chest is raised and tensed, the cavities in the mouth and pharynx are enlarged, more breath is directed into the nasal chambers, and the lips are opened more widely to give free passage to the increased volume of voice. This action is mainly applicable to the production of vowel sounds, and it is

by a sonorous dwelling on these sounds that the orotund effect is obtained. In using the orotund, the voice must not be driven to extremes either of force or pitch. Moreover, the open throat must be maintained, or the muscles will soon tire and the tone will lack that smooth vibrancy which should characterize the orotund.

A caution regarding the use of the orotund voice should be noted. It is a quality which, if employed outside its special domain of loftiness, sublimity, reverence, and grandeur, is almost sure to sound bombastic and unconvincing. A person is greatly in error who thinks that all public address must be in the "oratorical" manner. Occasionally one hears a speaker whose "Ladies and gentlemen, it is a great privilege to address you on the question of painting the town-hall" sounds like a minister invoking divine interposition during a universal calamity. When, however, the orotund is really required, the speaker should be able to use it with telling effect. Practice on the subjoined exercises will give fullness, firmness, and sonority to the voice, and will, incidentally, aid in improving the normal quality.

EXERCISES IN THE OROTUND QUALITY

NOTE: Remember the criterion of the open throat — the yawning sensation, or the position for the *ah* sound.

I Sound the series *ah-oh-ā-o͞o*, beginning softly, then gradually swelling and diminishing the volume. Repeat three or four times.

II Make the same sounds with sudden utterances in full volume. Keep the rounded, musical charac-

ter of the tone; don't merely shout. Repeat the series three or four times.

III Pronounce the following words, dwelling on the vowel sounds in the manner of the chant: *woe - yonder - aim - alone - boat - boom - far - wide - soul - deep - moan - gloom.*

IV Utter the series *ah-oh-ā-o͞o* in the orotund voice, beginning at a moderately low pitch on each sound and rising smoothly through five or six notes; repeat the series, beginning at a moderately high pitch and dropping the voice smoothly through five or six notes.

V Practice reading the following sentences in the orotund:

a. Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll!
(BYRON)

b. Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre! (KIPLING)

c. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. (IRVING)

d. Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
(WHITMAN)

e. Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea! (TENNYSON)

f. When my eyes shall be turned for the last time to behold the sun shining in heaven, may they not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union.
(WEBSTER)

g. Hear the tolling of the bells,
Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their melody
compels! (POE)

h. So all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea.
(TENNYSON)

i. Say Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in.
(SHAKESPEARE)

j. Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony. (COLERIDGE)

SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICAL APPLICATION

NOTE: In studying, practicing, and reciting any selection of unusual emotional intensity, it is necessary both to understand and enter into sympathy with the thought and feeling expressed. Otherwise, although the speaker may use the vocal properties correctly, his work will lack that intangible factor, the spiritual element, which is needed to make it thoroughly convincing to an audience. The student should bear this fact in mind, not only while dealing with the orotund selections, but also in connection with those in subsequent chapters.

THE WESTMINSTER ORGAN

Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with

this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmonies through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulcher vocal! — And now they rise in triumph and acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. — And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful — it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls — the ear is stunned — the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee — it is rising from the earth to heaven — the very soul seems rapt away and floated upward on this swelling tide of harmony!

(IRVING: *Westminster Abbey*)

CHILDE HAROLD LAMENTS ROME'S DOWNFALL

Oh Rome, my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires, and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day —
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
  Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
  Whose holy dust was scattered long ago:
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now;
  The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers — dost thou flow,
  Old Tiber, through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
  Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
  And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride
Where the car climbed the capitol; far and wide
  Temple and tower went down, nor left a site: —
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
  O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly night?
(Byron: *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*)

KING ARTHUR'S FAREWELL

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself; what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest — if indeed I go —
For all my mind is clouded with a doubt —
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

(TENNYSON: *The Passing of Arthur*)

AMONG THE MOUNTAIN PEAKS

Arrived aloft he [a wanderer] finds himself lifted into the sunset light; and cannot but pause, and gaze round him, some moments there. An upland irregular expanse of world, where valleys in complex branchings are suddenly or slowly arranging their descent towards every quarter of the sky. The mountain-ranges are beneath your feet, and folded together; only the loftier summits look down here and there as on a second plain; lakes also lie clear and earnest in their solitude. No trace of man now visible; unless indeed it were he who fashioned that little visible link of Highway, here, as would seem, scaling the inaccessible, to unite Province with Province. But sunwards, lo you! how it towers sheer up, a world of Mountains, the

diadem and center of the mountain region! A hundred and a hundred savage peaks, in the last light of Day; all glowing, of gold and amethyst, like giant spirits of the wilderness; there in their silence, in their solitude, even as on the night when Noah's Deluge first dried! Beautiful, nay solemn, was the sudden aspect to our Wanderer. He gazed over those stupendous masses with wonder, almost with longing desire; never till this hour had he known Nature, that she was One, that she was his Mother, and divine. And as the ruddy glow was fading into clearness in the sky, and the Sun had now departed, a murmur of Eternity and Immensity, of Death and Life, stole through his soul; and he felt as if Death and Life were one, as if the Earth were not dead, as if the Spirit of the Earth had its throne in that splendor, and his own spirit were therewith holding communion.

(CARLYLE: *Sartor Resartus*)

RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old —
  Lord of our far-flung battle-line —
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies —
  The captains and the kings depart —
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away —
  On dune and headland sinks the fire —
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
Such boasting as the gentiles use
  Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not Thee to guard —
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

(KIPLING: *Recessional*)

PERORATION OF WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE

While the union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on States, dissevered,

discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, with fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured; bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and union afterwards"; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

(WEBSTER: *Reply to Hayne*)

GOD'S WILL BE DONE

The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe unto that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in the living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope — fervently do we pray — that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until

all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword,— as it was said two thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

(LINCOLN: *Second Inaugural Address*)

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red!
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths — for you the shores crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse
nor will;
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won;
Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.
(WHITMAN: *O Captain! My Captain!*)

THE DESTINY OF MAN

The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,— the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom — Take the wings
Of morning — and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings — yet — the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first

The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest — and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living —and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

(BRYANT: *Thanatopsis*)

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

I

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou from whose presence the leaves dead
Are driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill;

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and Preserver; hear, O hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning! there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: O hear!
(SHELLEY: *Ode to the West Wind*)

The Aspirate Quality

The aspirate quality, or breathy utterance, is employed much more frequently in conversation than in public address, although it is occasionally useful in the latter instance. What is known as the pure whisper, which has no vocalization, is sometimes due to the fact that, because of weakness or excessive emotion, a person cannot control the vocal apparatus. Or, he may voluntarily avoid vocalization for reasons of caution, secrecy, or quietness. In public address, the whisper is at times used to represent, or quote, a whispered remark; and occasionally to heighten the effect of an important expression or climax by way of contrast to the more common use of energetic force in the normal quality. Its practical use on the platform is usually confined to a word, phrase, or a couple of sentences at most.

There is a modification of the whisper known as the semi-tone, or "stage-whisper." This quality comprises varying degrees of vocalization between the pure whisper and the normal voice. The vocal bands are sufficiently tight to vibrate slightly, but not so much as in normal speech; at the same time there is a considerable escape of unvocalized breath. When involuntary, this quality is the natural result of an emotional intensity which renders the person incapable of fully controlling the vocal muscles and regulating the breath current. The semi-tone can, of course, be voluntarily

produced to suggest a violent emotion, or to give greater carrying power to the voice when, for any reason, a whisper effect is desired.

The whisper, though it tires the throat muscles if continued too long at first, is strengthening to the throat if practiced persistently in short intervals. Moreover, since the audibility of the whisper depends so largely upon absolute distinctness, its practice has a beneficial effect upon articulation and pronunciation.

EXERCISES IN THE WHISPER

I Read the following sentences with the pure whisper:

a. I can't tell just how it happened; I think the beam fell on me.

b. Keep back; wait till I see if the coast is clear.

c. Ask the man next to you if he'll let me see his program.

d. Don't let the children come in; we can't keep them still.

II Read the following sentences in the semi-tone:

a. Hark! what was that?

b. "Hush, Rip," she cried, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you."

c. Wait till you see the whites of their eyes, then fire!

d. It's too steep — he'll never make it — oh, this is terrible!

e. Come, hand over the money and be quick about it!

f. The raven himself is hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements.

g. Silence along the lines there — silence along the

lines! not a word! not a word! on the peril of your lives!

III Read the following stanzas, using a mixture of pure whisper and semi-tone:

a. Steady, boys, steady!
Keep your arms ready!
God only knows whom we may meet here.
Don't let me be taken;
I'd rather awaken to-morrow
In — no matter where —
Than lie in that foul prison hole
Over there. (WATSON: *Wounded*)

b. What! pray? I pray? I press my lips
Upon that holy thing?
I pray? 'T were blasphemy! no prayer
Peace to this heart can bring!
(MOORE: *The Death of Charles the Ninth*)

c. "Hush!" Reuben said, "he's up in the shed!
He's open'd the winder,— I see his head!
He stretches it out, an' pokes it about,
Lookin' to see 'f the coast is clear,
An' nobody near."
(TROWBRIDGE: *Darius Green and His Flying-Machine*)

d. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,
And 't is not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;

He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.

(SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*)

CHAPTER IX

PITCH (INFLECTION)

Every speech sound has a certain pitch, or location in the vocal scale. The height of the tone is determined by the number of vibrations of the vocal bands per given instant; the tighter the bands are stretched, the greater will be the number of vibrations set up by the breath current, and the higher will be the resultant pitch. The average speaking voice has a range of about eight to ten notes. The moving of the voice up and down the scale should be almost constant in order to be most clearly expressive, and most agreeable to the ear. This movement in the scale is known as inflection. Our study and practice in connection with pitch and inflection aim at three chief results: an understanding of pitch and inflection as factors in the interpretation of thought and emotion; the acquiring of greater flexibility and control in the practical application of these factors; and an increase in the range of our effective speaking scale.

Pitch has traditionally been divided into three sections, or registers: high, middle, and low. This division serves a useful purpose, but it must not mislead us. It is true, as will be discussed in the next chapter, that for certain purposes a speaker tends to use more freely his upper register, and for others his middle and low, respectively. But in studying inflection the point

not to be lost sight of is that our ordinary speaking utilizes not merely the middle register, but frequently reaches up into the high and down into the low register. As a matter of fact, one of the most common faults of the inexperienced speaker is that he exhibits before an audience, a too restricted, and therefore inexpressive, pitch range. With these fundamentals in mind, we may now consider in detail that important phase of pitch, namely, inflection.

Word Inflection

To begin with the simplest function of inflection, we shall take its use in the utterance of single words. In merely pronouncing any word, without putting any special meaning into the voice, there is a noticeable pitch variation. Monosyllables are pronounced with a falling inflection; words of more than one syllable are usually accented by placing more force on, and raising the pitch of the stressed syllables. In the case of some of the longer words there are, besides the primary accent, one or more secondary accents. But only the syllable of primary stress varies appreciably in pitch from the lower level of the remaining syllables. Pronunciation of the following words will illustrate the pitch variation under discussion: no - yes - why - this - when; accent - repeat - confuse - rebate - triumph - partition - article - controvert - readjust - pertinent; transubstantiation - unimpeachable - Trinitarian - solidification - registration.

Sentence Inflection

It is, however, in groups of words, sentences, that the complexities and the infinitely expressive capacities

of inflection become evident. It will be of advantage at this point to learn the kinds of pitch change which the voice makes.

1. The rising skip (or step). Example: "I said ten thousand, not ten hundred." Note the marked and sudden rise in pitch between the first "ten" and the first syllable of "thousand."
2. The falling skip (or step). Example: "It is impossible." Stress the word "impossible" strongly, noting the marked pitch interval between the accented syllable "pos" and the low "ible."
3. The rising glide. Example: "Do you think he will do it?" If this question is asked without stressing any word except "do," slightly, the inflection will consist of a steadily rising movement. Short rising glides occur on the words "wood" and "coal" in the sentence, "He sold wood, coal, and grain."
4. The falling glide. Example: "When do you think he will come?" If this sentence is spoken without stressing any particular word, the voice will move steadily downward. Short falling glides occur on the words "wet" and "dark" in the sentence, "It was wet; it was dark; it was altogether unpleasant."
5. The rising wave (or rising circumflex). This inflection is a frequently-used combination of a falling movement followed by a rising movement. If the following sentence is spoken as a reply to a person who has denied that there is any sound audible, it will illustrate the rising circumflex: "Nonsense! can't you hear it?"

This double inflection is often repeated in series. If we were to add to the above example, "Is it possible that you are deaf?" we would use on the entire expression a series of three rising waves.

6. The falling wave (or falling circumflex). This inflection is the reverse of the preceding one, i. e., an upward followed by a downward movement. The sentence, "It is impossible," if spoken as a plain statement of fact, calls for the falling wave. The voice rises to the syllable "pos" and falls to the end of the sentence. This inflection also occurs in series. If we add to the above example, "Take my word for it, you'll be sorry, if you try it," we will use on the whole expression a series of four falling waves.

These six types of inflection, in divers combinations, constitute the regular variations from the monotone in speech. It would be interesting, perhaps advantageous, if we could know just when to use this or that inflection in order to express ourselves most effectively. If, for example, we could classify the emotions and thoughts, and determine the proper inflection for each class; or if we could accurately base inflection on punctuation or grammatical construction,— but such attempts are very confusing, and they do not represent speech as it is spoken. It is utterly impracticable to classify the infinite variety of thoughts and emotions; nor is punctuation or grammatical construction a safe guide. Let us consider some of the inflectional possibilities as applied to a sentence, chosen almost at random: "You think John saw him open the safe!"

First, what does the punctuation show as to the inflection required? At best it could help us only at the end of the sentence, and even there the exclamation may either rise or fall. Now as to the inflectional possibilities on the basis of thought or feeling. Try to imagine that you are in your office, examining a clerk about a rifled safe. The clerk has just said, "I think John saw him open the safe"; to which you reply, "You think John saw him open the safe!"

First, speak the sentence as if you were repeating eagerly the clerk's positive statement, as a clue to the robbery.

Speak it questioningly, as if you wanted the clerk to reaffirm his comment.

Speak it as a sudden and contemptuous repetition of the clerk's remark.

Speak it as a slow, ironical repetition, dwelling in scorn on each word in the first half of the sentence.

Speak it with the idea of concentrating mockery on some one word.

Speak it with the idea of concentrating an interrogation on one word.

These are a few of the many possibilities, and if you have brought out the idea in each case, it will have been sufficient to indicate what a variety of expression can be obtained by using divers combinations of the six types of inflection.

A type of sentence which strongly tempts one to posit a rule for inflectional delivery is the direct interrogative, such as, "Are you going?" The oft-repeated rule is to speak this type with the rising glide. And this is true — sometimes. If, however, you ask it with patience exhausted, and yet with indifference, you will

be likely to use the falling glide. To indicate finality, but intense interest, you would use falling skips. If your patience is not yet exhausted, you might very naturally stress both "are" and "going," in which case you will employ the rising wave. Or you might ask it as one who says, "You have already told me that John is going; the question is, are you going?" In this case you will use the falling wave. The preceding discussion will suffice to show that it is not the punctuation; it is not the construction; but it is the meaning, the mental or emotional attitude of the speaker which determines the inflection.

A few principles, generally applicable, may be stated. (1) Marked falling inflections preceding a pause are usually expressive of decision, completeness, or finality. We saw this even in the case of the peremptory direct interrogative in the preceding paragraph. It is likewise true with reference to declarative statements and exclamations. Consider, for example, the following sentence from one of Senator Lodge's speeches: "You may call me selfish, if you will, conservative or reactionary, or use any other harsh adjective you see fit to apply, but an American I was born, an American I have remained all my life." Now in spite of the comma after "apply," the thought is really complete at that point, and a falling inflection is, therefore, to be preferred in speaking the sentence. (2) Rising inflections preceding a pause are usually suggestive of uncertainty or incompleteness of thought. For example, the voice rises before the pause after "country" and "towns" in the sentence, "The country, the towns, and the cities are involved in this problem." The rising inflection here is the signal that the series is incomplete as yet.

(3) The rising and falling waves provide those pitch alternations requisite for bringing out comparisons, contrasts, and relative values (the voice rising to the more important words, the falling to the less important ones). (4) The greater the inherent interest or emotional content of the subject matter, the greater is the need for marked and varied inflection, and a broad pitch range in its expression. Of course, the opposite is true, to a certain extent, for varying degrees of calmness and tranquillity; but the speaker should never permit his inflections to become "flat" unless he wishes to display indifference, which is frequently suggested simply by a dull, restricted manner of inflection.

Up to this point we have noted the six types of inflection, and have observed their capacity for expressing a great variety of thought and emotion. We have also attempted to clear away certain misleading ideas concerning rules for the application of inflection, and have arrived at a few general principles. Probably the most important practical consideration yet remains.

The inflections which the average person uses in conversation are fairly expressive. This is a significant fact, for, with the guidance of the fundamental observation already presented in this chapter, a person can best improve his inflection on the basis of his conversational style. This method of procedure is more likely to secure better results than an attempt to build up an artificial style of inflection by the aid of a troop of rules and their inevitable retinue of exceptions. With a view to the above-mentioned improvement, the student should observe that many persons whose inflections in conversation are fairly indicative of their thoughts and

feelings become stilted and inexpressive before an audience. These persons are so hampered by a conscious effort to be impressive, or merely correct, that their inflections lose variety and range, and are often misleading in direction. The remedy lies, to a great extent, in getting a correct idea of good speaking style, which is — the conversational style. The student should remember in all his practice that he is preparing, not to "deliver speeches," but to talk to audiences in an interested and interesting manner. Furthermore, while the conversational inflections are usually of the right kind, they need to be extended somewhat in order to add that brightness and vitality which carry a stimulating effect out into the audience. Especially the inflections in the high range need cultivation, and the voice throughout the whole scale should be made more flexible, and brought under easy control. The exercises herewith presented are, therefore, intended to develop conversational inflections along the lines of increased range, variety, flexibility, and control.

EXERCISES IN INFLECTION

NOTE 1: Keep the throat open, as determined by the *ah* position.

NOTE 2: Try to maintain a clear firm voice throughout the entire pitch range.

NOTE 3: Practice frequently in short intervals; stop when the throat shows signs of tiring.

1. Repeat each of the following sounds in a series of four rising skips, covering in all at least an octave: ah-oh-uh-ā-ē-ī.

II. Repeat the above exercise, using falling skips.

III. Utter each of the following sounds with a long, steady rising glide, covering an octave or more: ah-oh-o͞o-ā-ē-ī.

IV. Repeat the above exercise, using falling glides.

V. (a) Speak the word "what" in such a manner as to express:

1. "I defy you to specify."
2. "What did you say?"
3. "I am mildly surprised."
4. "I am indignant at your remark."

(b) Speak the word "no" in such a manner as to express:

1. A simple denial.
2. An interrogation.
3. An indignant refusal.
4. A very doubtful denial.

VI. Speak the sentence, "I offered to support him for the office," with such inflections as to indicate, respectively:

(a) Plain affirmation.
(b) Interrogation, suggesting falsity of the idea.
(c) Appealing reply to a charge of disloyalty.
(d) Sarcastic repetition of an opponent's statement.

VII. Read the following sentences with a view to bright, flexible inflection. Keep the imagination active in calling up situations which might give rise to the remarks. Remember in all this work that the flesh is weak if the spirit isn't willing.

a. "Well, well, well!" said our jolly host, "this is, indeed, a pleasant surprise. I had no idea you were coming so soon."

b. "Good morning, uncle! A merry Christmas to you!" said Scrooge's nephew cheerfully.

c. "Can you go to the park with us this afternoon?" asked my friend in a cordial voice.

d. "Now, Mr. Smith," said the manager challengingly, "what are you going to do about it?"

e. If I had plenty of money, money enough and to spare;
The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city square.
Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there! (BROWNING)

f. "Come on, Jim, you can't make any headway down there; pull her up on the float, and get the oars out of the way; then maybe you can do something."

g. Oh, there were books, and papers, and magazines enough, but the boys couldn't spend all their leisure time just reading.

h. Speak the speech as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. (SHAKESPEARE.)

i. Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. (LINCOLN)

j. Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir; she has none. (PATRICK HENRY)

k. London, whichever way we turn, is so vast and varied, so rich in what is interesting, that to one who would wander with a plastic mind, irresponsibly, day after day in its streets and among its treasures, there is not a little difficulty in deciding where to begin, and

there is even greater difficulty in knowing where to end. (LUCAS)

l. If asked the question, "Can America under the League do all that we might desire at any time to do?" the answer must be "No!" (LANE)

m. Shall there be a common standard of right and privilege for all peoples and nations or shall the strong do as they will and the weak suffer without redress? (PRESIDENT WILSON)

n. These men who speak alien sympathies, who raise the cry of race against race or of church against church, who attempt to create divisions and antagonisms where there are none,— such men are not the spokesmen of the great mass of Americans, but the spokesmen of small groups whom it is high time that the nation called to a reckoning. (PRESIDENT WILSON)

SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICAL APPLICATION

MOSES' BARGAIN

"But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back." As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapt round his shoulders like a pedlar. "Welcome, welcome, Moses; well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"—"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?"—"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds, five shillings and two-pence."—"Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and two-pence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."—"I have brought

back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."—"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"—"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them at a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money,"—"A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife, in a passion; "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."—"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."—"What!" cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver?"—"No," cried I, "no more silver than your sauce-pan."—"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases? A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."—"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."—"Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff; if I had them I would throw them into the fire."—"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

(GOLDSMITH: *The Vicar of Wakefield*)

VAGABONDS

We are two travelers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog.— Come here, you scamp.
Jump for the gentleman,— mind your eye!
Over the table,— look out for the lamp! —
The rogue is growing a little old;
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank — and starved — together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow,
The paw he holds up there has been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
(This out-door business is bad for strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank you, Sir,— I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—
Aren't we, Roger? — see him wink! —
Well, something hot, then, we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too — see him nod his head?
What a pity, Sir, that dogs can't talk —
He understands every word that's said,—
And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, Sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, Sir!) even of my dog.

But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, Sir! — see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you are willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, Sir!)
Shall march a little.— Start, you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentleman gives a trifle
To aid a poor old patriot soldier.

(TROWBRIDGE: *The Vagabonds*)

THE DOVER MAIL COACH

The last burst carried the mail to the summit of the hill. The horses stopped to breathe again, and the guard got down to skid the wheel for the descent, and open the coach door to let the passengers in.

"Tst! Joe!" cried the coachman in a warning voice, looking down from his box.

"What do you say, Tom?"

They both listened.

"I say a horse at a canter coming up, Joe."

"*I* say a horse at a gallop, Tom," returned the guard, leaving his hold of the door, and mounting nimbly to his place. "Gentlemen! In the king's name, all of you!"

With this hurried adjuration, he cocked his blunderbuss, and stood on the offensive.

The passenger booked by this history, was on the coach-step, getting in; the two other passengers were close behind him, and about to follow. He remained on the step, half in the coach, and half out of it; they remained in the road below him. They all looked from the coachman to the guard, and from the guard to the coachman, and listened. The coachman looked back, and the guard looked back, and even the emphatic leader pricked up his ears and looked back, without contradicting.

The stillness consequent on the cessation of the rumbling and laboring of the coach, added to the stillness of the night, and made it very quiet indeed. The panting of the horses communicated a tremulous motion to the coach, as if it were in a state of agitation. The hearts of the passengers beat loud enough perhaps to be heard; but at any rate, the quiet pause was audibly expressive of people out of breath, and holding the breath, and having the pulses quickened by expectation.

The sound of a horse at a gallop came fast and furiously up the hill.

"So-ho!" the guard sang out, as loud as he could roar. "Yo there! Stand! I shall fire!"

The pace was suddenly checked, and, with much splashing and floundering a man's voice called from the mist, "Is that the Dover mail?"

"Never you mind what it is!" the guard retorted. "What are you?"

"*Is* that the Dover mail?"
"Why do you want to know?"
"I want a passenger, if it is."
"What passenger?"
"Mr. Jarvis Lorry."

(DICKENS: *A Tale of Two Cities*)

THE LURE OF THE CITY

Had I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city-square;
Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there!

Something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear, at least!
There, the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast;
While up at a villa one lives, I maintain it, no more than a beast.

Well now, look at our villa! stuck like the horn of a bull
Just on a mountain-edge as bare as the creature's skull,
Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly a leaf to pull!
— I scratch my own sometimes, to see if the hair's turned wool.

But the city, oh the city — the square with the houses! — Why?
They are stone-faced, white as a curd, there's something to take the eye!

Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry;
You watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who hurries by;
Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw when the sun gets high;
And the shops with fanciful signs which are painted properly.

. . . . . .

Ere you open your eyes in the city, the blessed church-bells begin;
No sooner the bells leave off than the diligence rattles in;
You get the pick of the news, and it costs you never a pin.
By and by there's the traveling doctor gives pills, lets blood, draws teeth;
Or the Pulcinello-trumpet breaks up the market beneath.
At the post-office such a scene-picture — the new play, piping hot!
And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves were shot.
Above it, behold the Archbishop's most fatherly of rebukes,
And beneath, with his crown and his lion, some little new law of the Duke's!

. . . . . .

Noon strikes,— here sweeps the procession! our Lady borne smiling and smart
With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords stuck in her heart!
Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife;

No keeping one's haunches still; it's the greatest
pleasure in life.

But bless you, it's dear — it's dear! fowls, wine, at
double the rate.
They have clapped a new tax upon salt, and what oil
pays passing the gate
It's a horror to think of. And so, the villa for me, not
the city!
Beggars can scarcely be choosers; but still — ah, the
pity, the pity!
Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with
cowls and sandals,
And the penitents dressed in white shirts, a-holding
the yellow candles;
One, he carries a flag up straight, and another a cross
with handles,
And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for the
better prevention of scandals;
Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the
fife.
Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such pleasure
in life.

(BROWNING: *Up at a Villa — Down in the City, As distinguished by an Italian person of quality*)

LEARNING IN IDLENESS

Suffice it to say this: if a lad does not learn in the streets, it is because he has no faculty of learning. Nor is the truant always in the streets, for if he prefers, he may go out by the gardened suburbs into the country. He may pitch on some tuft of lilacs over a burn, and smoke innumerable pipes to the tune of the

water on the stones. A bird will sing in the thicket. And there he may fall into a vein of kindly thought, and see things in a new perspective. Why, if this be not education, what is? We may conceive Mr. Worldly Wiseman accosting such an one, and the conversation that should thereupon ensue: —

"How now, young fellow, what dost thou here?"

"Truly, sir, I take mine ease."

"Is not this the hour of the class? and should'st thou not be plying thy Book with diligence, to the end thou mayest obtain knowledge?"

"Nay, but thus also I follow after Learning, by your leave."

"Learning, quotha! After what fashion, I pray thee? Is it mathematics?"

"No, to be sure."

"Is it metaphysics?"

"Nor that."

"Is it some language?"

"Nay, it is no language."

"Is it a trade?"

"Nor a trade neither."

"Why, then, what is it?"

"Indeed, sir, as a time may soon come for me to go upon a Pilgrimage, I am desirous to note what is commonly done by persons in my case, and where are the ugliest Sloughs and Thickets on the Road; as also, what manner of Staff is of the best service. Moreover, I lie here, by this water, to learn by root-of-heart a lesson which my master teaches me to call Peace or Contentment."

Hereupon Mr. Worldly Wiseman was much commoved with passion, and shaking his cane with a very threatful

countenance, broke forth in this wise: "Learning, quotha!" said he; "I would have all such rogues scourged by the Hangman!"

(STEVENSON: *An Apology for Idlers*)

AN UNWELCOME CHRISTMAS GREETING

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge, "Humbug!"

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure."

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew gaily. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough."

Scrooge having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said "Bah!" again, and followed it up with "Humbug!"

"Don't be cross, uncle!" said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon Merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having

every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge, indignantly, " every idiot who goes about with ' Merry Christmas ' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

" Uncle!" pleaded his nephew.

" Nephew!" returned his uncle, sternly, " keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

" Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. " But you don't keep it."

" Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. " Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

(DICKENS: *A Christmas Carol*)

GEORGE OSBORNE BERATES DOBBIN

" A pretty way you have managed the affair," said George, looking savagely at William Dobbin. " Look here, Dobbin," and he flung over to the latter his parent's letter. "A beggar, by Jove, and all in consequence of my deuced sentimentality. Why couldn't we have waited? A ball might have done for me in the course of the war, and may still, and how will Emmy be bettered by being left a beggar's widow? It was all your doing. You were never easy until you had got me married and ruined. What the deuce am I to do with two thousand pounds? Such a sum won't last two years. I've lost a hundred and forty to Crawley at cards and billiards since I've been down here. A pretty manager of a man's affairs *you* are, forsooth."

" There's no denying that the position is a hard one," Dobbin replied, after reading over the letter with a blank

countenance; "and as you say, it is partly of my making. There are some men who wouldn't mind changing with you," he added, with a bitter smile. "How many captains in the regiment have two thousand pounds to the fore, think you? You must live on your pay till your father relents, and if you die, you leave your wife a hundred a year."

"Do you suppose a man of my habits can live on his pay and a hundred a year?" George cried out in great anger. "You must be a fool to talk so, Dobbin. How the deuce am I to keep up my position in the world upon such a pitiful pittance? I can't change my habits. I *must* have my comforts. I wasn't brought up on porridge, like MacWhirter, or on potatoes, like old O'Dowd. Do you expect my wife to take in soldiers' washing, or ride after the regiment in a baggage wagon?"

"Well, well," said Dobbin, still good-naturedly, "we'll get her a better conveyance. But try and remember that you are only a dethroned prince now, George, my boy; and be quiet whilst the tempest lasts. It won't be for long. Let your name be mentioned in the *Gazette*, and I'll engage the old father relents towards you."

"Mentioned in the *Gazette!*" George answered. "And in what part of it? Among the killed and wounded returns, and at the top of the list, very likely."

"Psha! It will be time enough to cry out when we are hurt," Dobbin said. "And if anything happens, you know, George, I have got a little, and I am not a marrying man, and I shall not forget my godson in my will," he added, with a smile. Whereupon the dispute ended — as many scores of such conversations between Osborne and his friend had concluded previously — by

the former declaring there was no possibility of being angry with Dobbin long, and forgiving him very generously after abusing him without cause.

(THACKERAY: *Vanity Fair*)

A POOR RIDER

Alice . . . walked on in silence, . . . every now and then stopping to help the poor knight, who certainly was not a good rider. Whenever the horse stopped (which it did very often), he fell off in front; and whenever it went on again (which it did rather suddenly), he fell off behind. Otherwise he kept on pretty well, except that he had a habit of now and then falling off sideways; and as he generally did this on the side on which Alice was walking, she soon found that it was the best plan not to walk quite close to the horse.

"I'm afraid you've not had much practice in riding," she ventured to say, as she was helping him up from his fifth tumble.

The Knight looked very much surprised, and a little offended at the remark. "What makes you say that?" he asked, as he scrambled back into the saddle, keeping hold of Alice's hair with one hand, to save himself from falling over on the other side.

"Because people don't fall off quite so often, when they've had much practice."

"I've had plenty of practice," the Knight said very gravely; "plenty of practice!"

Alice could think of nothing better to say than "Indeed?" but she said it as heartily as she could. They went on a little way in silence after this, the Knight with his eyes shut, muttering to himself, and Alice watching anxiously for the next tumble.

" The great art of riding," the Knight began in a loud voice, waving his right arm as he spoke, " is to keep—" Here the sentence ended as suddenly as it had begun, as the Knight fell heavily on the top of his head exactly in the path where Alice was walking. She was quite frightened this time, and said in an anxious tone, as she picked him up, " I hope no bones are broken? "

" None to speak of," the Knight said, as if he didn't mind breaking two or three of them. " The great art of riding, as I was saying, is — to keep your balance properly. Like this, you know—"

He let go of the bridle, and stretched out both his arms to show Alice what he meant, and this time he fell flat on his back, right under the horse's feet.

" Plenty of practice! " he went on repeating, all the time that Alice was getting him on his feet again. " Plenty of practice! "

" It's too ridiculous! " cried Alice, losing all her patience this time. " You ought to have a wooden horse on wheels, that you ought! "

(CARROLL: *Through the Looking Glass*)

INTRODUCTION TO THE NOMINATION OF GRANT

In obedience to instructions I should never dare to disregard, expressing also my own firm convictions,— I rise to propose a nomination with which the country and the Republican party can grandly win. The election before us is to be the Austerlitz of American politics. It will decide, for many years, whether the country shall be Republican or Cossack. The supreme need of the hour is not of a candidate who can carry Michigan. All Republicans can do that. The need is not of a candidate who is popular in the Territories, because they

have no vote. The need is of a candidate who can carry doubtful States.

Not the doubtful states of the North alone, but doubtful states of the South, which we have heard, if I understand it aright, ought to take little or no part here, because the South has nothing to give, but everything to receive. No, gentlemen, the need that presses upon the conscience of this Convention, is of a candidate who can carry doubtful states of both North and South. And believing that he, more surely than any other man, can carry New York against any opponent, and can carry not only the North, but several states of the South, *New York is for Ulysses S. Grant.* Never defeated in peace or in war, his name is the most illustrious borne by living man.

(CONKLING: *Speech Nominating Grant for President*)

ACTION IN POLITICS

The prime thing that every man who takes an interest in politics should remember is that he must act, and not merely criticize the actions of others. It is not the man who sits by his fireside reading his evening paper and saying how bad our politics and politicians are who will ever do anything to save us; it is the man who goes out into the rough hurly-burly of the caucus, the primary, and the political meeting, and there faces his fellows on equal terms. The real service is rendered, not by the critic who stands aloof from the contest, but by the man who enters it and bears his part as a man should, undeterred by the blood and sweat. It is a pleasant but a dangerous thing to associate merely with cultivated, refined men of high ideals and sincere purpose to do right

and to think that one has done all one's duty by discussing politics with such associates. It is a good thing to meet men of this stamp; indeed it is a necessary thing, for we thereby brighten our ideals and keep in touch with the people who are unselfish in their purposes; but if we associate with such men exclusively we can accomplish nothing. The actual battle must be fought out on other and less pleasant fields. The actual advance must be made in the field of practical politics among the men who represent or guide or control the mass of the voters; the men who are sometimes rough and coarse, who sometimes have lower ideals than they should, but who are capable, masterful, and efficient. It is only by mingling on equal terms with such men, by showing them that one is able to give and receive heavy punishment without flinching, and that one can master the details of political management as well as they can, that it is possible for a man to establish a standing that will be useful to him in fighting for a great reform.

(ROOSEVELT: *Morality and Efficiency*)

CHAPTER X

PITCH (REGISTERS)

THE MIDDLE REGISTER

As was stated in the discussion of inflection, the vocal scale may be divided into three registers, or ranges: middle, high, and low, each comprising three or four full tones. We have already noted that in the bulk of our speaking the middle tones dominate, with more or less frequent inflections into the high and low registers. On account of its almost constant use, it is highly desirable that every speaker make sure that his middle (or normal) register is neither too high nor too low. This normal pitch will vary considerably with different individuals, but a voice which is markedly high-pitched in ordinary speech is not pleasant to hear; moreover, it is very trying to the throat of the speaker himself. In a few cases organic construction is responsible for shrill voices, but ordinarily they are due to a habitual tension merely.

As some voices are too high in normal speech, others are too low. The latter are not so unpleasant, but they are likely to be somewhat flat, inexpressive, and monotonous. Furthermore, they are often difficult to hear, and are therefore especially inadequate for purposes of public address. Here again the fault does not ordinarily lie in the vocal organs of the speaker; a little effort, a little more vital interest in expressing one's thoughts

will usually bring up the markedly low voice. The selections for the practical application of normal quality, stress and moderate rate may be used if the voice is not already properly placed for ordinary speaking purposes.

The High Register

We shall now consider those cases in which the high register becomes the dominant one throughout a larger or smaller portion of a speech. Since the high tones have a greater carrying power, they are used in calling, or speaking at great distances. The main function of the high pitch, however, is the expression of unsuppressed excitement, whether of impatience, anger, scorn, extreme interest or enthusiasm, or merriment. When experiencing any of these states of mind or feeling, the speaker's voice is affected by the resultant tensity of the vocal organs. If he desires to convey the impression of such excitement, he can do so without fully experiencing the emotion, providing he has a sympathetic comprehension of the situation involved. Such a comprehension will tend to induce the high pitch, together with a corresponding increase in rate and force. Moreover, the speaker's emotional state is likely to respond to his manner of delivery.

In practicing for control and extension of the high pitch tones, the student should avoid shrillness by not forcing the voice toward the breaking point. Clearness, strength, and durability rather than extreme height are to be sought.

SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICAL APPLICATION

NOTE: It is to be observed that in excitement or intensity the voice does not necessarily remain at all

points above the normal register; but that the prevailing range is higher than normal.

YOUNG GOBBO'S PREDICAMENT

(*Launcelot Gobbo*) Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me saying to me "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot," or "good Gobbo," or "good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says "No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo," or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: "Via!" says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son; for indeed my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste; well, my conscience says "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel well"; "Fiend," say I, "you counsel well"; To be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew.

The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run.

(SHAKESPEARE: *Merchant of Venice*)

THE BOAT RACE

What a babel of cheers and exclamations bursts forth from the waving, transported crowd along the bank! They begin to know who is who now, and can tell beyond the shadow of a doubt that the crimson and black and the blue and white are having a noble struggle for the lead.

"Jack Hall is ahead! Hall! Hall! No, he isn't! Hit her up, Doctor! Hurrah for Hall! Hurrah for the Doctor! Tom, where are you! Bonsall! Bonsall! Hall! Hall!"

The tumult is maddening. Can it be possible that Jack Hall, who, on the whole, before the race, was rated lowest of the three, is going to break the school record and beat the invincible Doctor in one and the same breath? It looks like it if he can hold his own for two hundred yards more. It looks like it decidedly, and there is plenty of clear water still between the winning goal and the foremost shell; and see, the Doctor is spurting with a vengeance — look! — look! — and is he not gaining, too?

The Doctor has crept up, no doubt about that. The nose of his shell is now well beyond Jack's out-rigger, and he is speeding like the wind. Jack is feeling terribly tired, his throat that he thought parched at the start burns as if it were on fire, and his eyes seem ready to start out of his head. His crimson handkerchief has fallen over his eyes, but he gives himself a shake and it

falls to his neck, leaving his brow refreshingly free. He has vanquished Tom anyway. So much to be thankful for. Tom is a length behind, struggling still, like the man he is, but hopelessly vanquished all the same. Jack turns his head, remembering to keep cool if he can, and sights the goal. Not more than one hundred and fifty yards left! The reverberating yells and cheers are setting his blood ablaze. He can scarcely see, but he knows he has not spurted yet. He is neck and neck with the Doctor now. There can be nothing to choose between them.

The time has come now, our hero knows, to put in any spurt that is left in him. Gripping the handles of his oars like a vise and shutting his eyes, Jack throws all his vital powers into one grand effort, which, to his supreme happiness, is answered by a great roar from the shore.

Hall! Hall! Hurrah! Nobly done, Hall! Hall wins!

(GRANT: *The Boat Race*)

GRATTAN'S REPLY

The right honorable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask, why not "traitor" unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him; it was because he dare not! It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not the courage to give the blow! I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a Privy Councilor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I say he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament and freedom of debate, in uttering language, which, if spoken out of the House, I

should answer only with a blow. I care not how high his station, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy councilor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow. He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false! Does the honorable gentleman rely on the report of the House of Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee there was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not.

I have returned, not, as the honorable member has said, to raise another storm,— I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that Constitution, of which I was a parent and founder, from the assassination of such men as the honorable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt — they are seditious,— and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country! I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the Lords. Here I stand for impeachment or trial! I dare accusation! I defy the honorable gentleman! I defy the Government! I defy their whole phalanx! — let them come forth! I tell the ministers I shall neither give quarter nor take it!

(GRATTAN: *Reply to Corry*)

SCROOGE IN A JOYFUL MOOD

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath; and making a perfect Laocoon of himself and his stockings. "I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a school-boy. I am as giddy as a drunken man. A Merry Christmas to everybody! A happy New Year to all the world! Hallo there! Whoop! Hallo!"

He had frisked into the sitting-room, and was now standing there; perfectly winded.

"There's the saucepan that the gruel was in!" cried Scrooge, starting off again, and going round the fireplace. There's the door by which the ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present sat! There's the window where I saw the wandering spirits! It's all right, it's all true, it all happened! Ha, ha, ha!"

Really, for a man who has been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long line of laughs!

"I don't know what day of the month it is," said Scrooge. "I don't know how long I have been among the spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo there!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer; ding, dong, bell. Bell, dong, ding, hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; Golden sun-

light; Heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious! Glorious!

"What's to-day?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh?" returned the boy with all his might of wonder.

"What's to-day, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"To-day!" replied the boy. "Why, CHRISTMAS DAY."

(DICKENS: *A Christmas Carol*)

PREPARING FOR FEZZIWIG'S PARTY

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work to-night. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up," cried old Fezziwig, with a sharp clap of his hands, "before a man can say Jack Robinson!"

You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters — one, two, three — had 'em up in their places — four, five, six — barred 'em and pinned 'em — seven, eight, nine — and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like race-horses.

"Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk with wonderful agility. "Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off; as if it were dismissed from public life for evermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire;

and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and bright a ball-room, as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

(DICKENS: *A Christmas Carol*)

MARMION'S DEFIANCE

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke: —
" My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone —
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,
And —" This to me! " he said,—
" And 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He, who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate;
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword),

I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
Fierce he broke forth,—"And darest thou, then,
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?
No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms — what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."
Lord Marmion turned,— well was his need,
And dashed the rowels in his steed,
Like arrow through the archway sprung,
The ponderous grate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, razed his plume.

(SCOTT: *Marmion*)

A TIRADE AGAINST ART

"All art, so-called, is decay," he said, raising his voice. "When a race begins to brood on the beautiful, — so-called,— it is a sign of rot, of getting ready to fall from the tree. Take the Jews,— those marvelous old fellows,— who were never more than a handful, yet have imposed the rule of their ideas and their gods upon us for fifteen hundred years. Why? They were forbidden by their most fundamental law to make sculptures or pictures. That was at a time when the Egyptians, when the Assyrians, and other Semites, were running to

artistic riot. Every great museum in the world now has whole floors devoted to statues from the Nile, and marvelous carvings from the palaces of Sargon and Assurbanipal. You can get the artistic remains of the Jews during that whole period into a child's wheelbarrow. They had the sense and strength to penalize art; they alone survived. They saw the Egyptians go, the Assyrians go, the Greeks go, the late Romans go, the Moors in Spain go,— all the artistic peoples perish. They remained triumphing over all. Now at last their long-belated apogee is here; their decline is at hand. I am told that in this present generation in Europe the Jews are producing a great lot of young painters and sculptors and actors, just as for a century they have been producing famous composers and musicians. That means the end of the Jews!"

(FREDERICK: *The Damnation of Theron Ware*)

THEY'RE OFF!

The trumpet sounded short and sharp. Forth from each stall, like missiles in a volley from so many great guns, rushed the six fours; and up the vast assembly arose, electrified and irrepressible, and, leaping upon the benches, filled the circus and the air above it with yells and screams. The arena swam in a dazzle of light; yet each driver looked first for the rope, then for the inner line. All six aiming at the same point and speeding furiously, a collision seemed inevitable. . . .

The fours neared the rope together. Then the trumpeter by the editor's side blew a signal vigorously. Seeing the action, the judges dropped the rope; and not an instant too soon, for the hoof of one of Messala's horses struck it as it fell. Nothing daunted, the Roman

shook out his long lash, loosed the reins, and, with a triumphant shout, took the wall.

(WALLACE: *Ben Hur*)

ATTACK ON THE BASTILE

On, then, all Frenchmen, that have hearts in your bodies! Roar with all your throats, of cartilage and metal, ye Sons of Liberty; stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit; for it is the hour! Smite, thou Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, old soldier of the Regiment Dauphiné; smite at that outer drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles round thee! Never, over nave or felloe, did thy axe strike such a stroke. Down with it, man; down with it to Orcus: let the whole accursed Edifice sink thither, and Tyranny be swallowed up forever! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guard-room, some 'on bayonets stuck into the joints of the wall,' Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère, also an old soldier, seconding him. The chain yields, breaks; the huge Drawbridge slams down, thundering. Glorious: and yet, alas, it is still but the outworks. The Eight Grim Towers, with their Invalide musketry, their paving-stones and cannon-mouths, still soar aloft intact,— Ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced; the inner Drawbridge with its back toward us; the Bastile is still to take!

(CARLYLE: *The French Revolution*)

MARULLUS CHASTISES THE MOB

(*Marullus*)

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,

To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes to triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on such ingratitude.

(SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Cæsar*)

The Low Register

Just as certain states of mind or feeling are most naturally and convincingly portrayed by a voice range higher than normal, so others are most fittingly expressed by a lower than normal range. The explanation lies in the fact that whereas unsuppressed excitement tenses the vocal organs, those attitudes which are markedly tranquil, soothing, or subduing have a relaxing effect upon them. Therefore, unusual calm, re-

pose, humility, reverence, sympathy, tenderness and pity; also those states which involve a lowered vitality, such as weakness, gloom, depression, and sorrow,— all of these find natural and suggestive expression in the low range.

It will not be amiss to observe again that in using the low range the tones of the middle register are not excluded. On the contrary, there is more or less frequent employment of the lower tones of the middle register. But the prevailing range as a whole is lower than the normal. At no point should the voice drop to such a point that the words become inaudible. This fault is especially likely to occur at the termination of sentences.

In working on the following selections for control, firmness of tone and flexibility of inflection in the low range, it is especially necessary to understand, and sympathize with the mental and emotional attitude expressed in the selection. Without such sympathy, the low, soft voice alone is likely to leave both the audience and the speaker himself cold and unmoved.

SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICAL APPLICATION

THE MAN WHO WEARS THE BUTTON

Sometimes in passing along the street I meet a man who, in the left lapel of his coat, wears a little, plain, modest, unassuming bronze button. The coat is often old and rusty; the face above it seamed and furrowed by the toil and suffering of adverse years; perhaps beside it hangs an empty sleeve, and below it stumps a wooden peg. But when I meet the man who wears that button I doff my hat and stand uncovered in his presence — yea! to me the very dust his weary foot has

pressed is holy ground, for I know that man, in the dark hour of the nation's peril, bared his breast to the hell of battle to keep the flag of our country in the Union sky.

Maybe at Donaldson he reached the inner trench; at Shiloh held the broken line; at Chattanooga climbed the flame-swept hill, or stormed the clouds on Lookout Heights. He was not born or bred to soldier life. His country's summons called him from the plow, the forge, the bench, the loom, the mine, the store, the office, the college, the sanctuary. He did not fight for greed of gold, to find adventure, or to win renown. He loved the peace of quiet ways, and yet he broke the clasp of clinging arms, turned from the witching glance of tender eyes, left good-by kisses upon tiny lips to look death in the face on desperate fields.

And when the war was over he quietly took up the broken threads of love and life as best he could, a better citizen for having been so good a soldier.

(THURSTON: *The Man Who Wears the Button*)

SIDNEY CARTON'S PROPHECY

They said of Sidney Carton, about the city that night, that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

One of the most remarkable sufferers of the same scaffold, not long before by the same axe — a woman — had asked at the foot of the same scaffold, not long before, to be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring her. If he had given any utterance to his, and they were prophetic, they would have been these:

"I see Barsad, and Cly, Defarge, The Vengeance, the Juryman, the Judge, long ranks of the new op-

pressors who have risen on the destruction of the old, perishing by this retributive instrument, before it shall cease out of its present use. I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long, long years to come, I see the evil of this time and of the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out.

"I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous, and happy, in that England which I shall see no more. I see Her with a child upon her bosom, who bears my name. I see her father, aged and bent, but otherwise restored, and faithful to all men in his healing office, and at peace. I see the good old man, so long their friend, in ten years' time enriching them with all he has, and passing tranquilly to his reward.

I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence. I see her, an old woman, weeping for me on the anniversary of this day. I see her and her husband, their course done, lying side by side in their last earthly bed, and I know that each was not more honored and held sacred in the other's soul, than I was in the souls of both.

I see that child who lay upon her bosom and who bore my name, a man winning his way up in that path of life which once was mine. I see him winning it so well that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. I see the blots I threw upon it, faded away. I see him, foremost of just judges and honored men, bringing a boy of my name, with a forehead that I know and golden hair, to this place — then fair to look

upon, with not a trace of this day's disfigurement — and I hear him tell the child my story, with a tender and faltering voice.

It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

(DICKENS: *A Tale of Two Cities*)

SOUTHWARD AFTER APPOMATTOX

You have just been told how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, your returning armies came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes!

Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find? — let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice. He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status; his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders.

Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence —the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

(GRADY: *The New South*)

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone —
But we left him alone with his glory.
(WOLFE: *The Burial of Sir John Moore*)

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old Year you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still, he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day,
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.

Old Year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old Year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old Year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old Year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New-year blithe and bold my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro;
The cricket chirps; the light burns low;
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands, before you die.
Old Year, we'll dearly rue for you.

What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.
(TENNYSON: *The Death of the Old Year*)

THE ISLE OF LONG AGO

O! a wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the Ocean of Years.

How the Winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the Summers, like buds between,
And the year in the sheaf — so they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the River Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of that Isle is the Long Ago,
  And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow;
There are heaps of dust,— but we loved them so!
  There are trinkets and tresses of hair;

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
  And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
  And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
  By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
  When the wind down the river is fair.

O, remembered for aye be the blessèd Isle,
  All the day of our life until night;
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
  May that "Greenwood of Soul" be in sight!

(Taylor: *The Isle of Long Ago*)

AMONG THE TOMBS OF WESTMINSTER

As I paced the cloisters, sometimes contemplating this mingled picture of glory and decay, and sometimes endeavoring to decipher the inscriptions on the tombstones, which formed the pavement beneath my feet, my eye was attracted to three figures, rudely carved in relief, but nearly worn away by the footsteps of many generations. They were the effigies of

three of the early abbots; the epitaphs were entirely effaced; the names alone remained, having no doubt been renewed in later times. . . . I remained some little while, musing over these casual relics of antiquity, thus left like wrecks upon this distant shore of time, telling no tale but that such beings had been, and had perished; teaching no moral but the futility of that pride which hopes still to exact homage in its ashes, and to live in an inscription. A little longer, and even these faint records will be obliterated, and the monuments will cease to be a memorial. Whilst I was yet looking down upon these gravestones, I was roused by the sound of the abbey clock, reverberating from buttress to buttress, and echoing among the cloisters. It is almost startling to hear this warning of departed time sounding among the tombs, and telling the lapse of the hour, which, like a billow, has rolled us onward towards the grave. I pursued my walk to an arched door opening to the interior of the abbey. On entering here, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrasted with the vaults of the cloisters. The eyes gaze with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height; and man wandering about their bases, shrunk into insignificance in comparison with his own handiwork. The spaciousness and gloom of this vast edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe. We step cautiously and softly about, as if fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the tomb; while every footfall whispers along the walls, and chatters among the sepulchres, making us more sensible of the quiet we have interrupted.

(Irving: *Westminster Abbey*)

EVANGELINE'S SORROW

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,—
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, till, overcome by emotion,
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer

Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier
grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house
of her father.
Smoldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the
supper untasted,
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with
phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of
her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate
rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by
the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the
echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the
world he created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the
justice of Heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slum-
bered till morning.

(LONGFELLOW: *Evangeline*)

A HOME

It was just a simple, unpretentious house, set about with great big trees, encircled in meadow and fields rich with the promise of harvest. The fragrance of pink and hollyhock in the front yard was mingled with the aroma of the orchard and the garden, and resonant with the cluck of poultry and the hum of bees. Inside was quiet, cleanliness, thrift, and comfort. Outside there stood my friend — master of his land and master

of himself. There was his old father, an aged, trembling man, happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to their home the hands of the old man went down on the young man's shoulders, laying there the unspeakable blessing of the honored and grateful father, and ennobling it with the Knighthood of the Fifth commandment. And I saw the night come down on that home, falling gently as from the wings of an unseen dove, and the old man, while a startled bird called from the forest, and the trees shrilled with the cricket's cry, and the stars were swarming in the sky, got the family around him and, taking the old Bible from the table, called them to their knees, while he closed the record of that simple day by calling down God's blessing on that family and that home. And while I gazed. . . . I said: "O, surely, here in the hearts of the people are lodged at last the strength and responsibilities of this government, the hope and promise of this Republic."

(GRADY: *The Homes of the People*)

GODFREY CASS CONFESSES

"Sit down, Nancy — there," he said, pointing to a chair opposite him. "I came back as soon as I could, to hinder anybody's telling you but me. I've had a great shock — but I care most about the shock it'll be to you."

"It isn't father and Priscilla?" said Nancy with quivering lips, clasping her hands tightly together on her lap.

"No, it's nobody living," said Godfrey, unequal to the considerate skill with which he would have wished to make his revelation. "It's Dunstan — my brother

Dunstan, that we lost sight of sixteen years ago. We've found him — found his body —his skeleton."

The deep dread Godfrey's look had created in Nancy made her feel these words a relief. She sat in comparative calmness to hear what else he had to tell. He went on:

"The Stone-pit has gone dry suddenly — from the draining, I suppose; and there he lies — has lain for sixteen years, wedged between two great stones. There's his watch and seals, and there's my gold-handled hunting-whip, with my name on: he took it away, without my knowing, the day he went hunting on Wildfire, the last time he was seen."

Godfrey paused: it was not so easy to say what came next. "Do you think he drowned himself?" said Nancy, almost wondering that her husband should be so deeply shaken by what had happened all those years ago to an unloved brother, of whom worse things had been augured.

"No, he fell in," said Godfrey, in a low but distinct voice, as if he felt some deep meaning in the fact. Presently he added: "Dunstan was the man that robbed Silas Marner."

The blood rushed to Nancy's face and neck at this surprise and shame, for she had been bred up to regard even a distant kinship with crime as a dishonor.

"O Godfrey!" she said with compassion in her tone, for she had immediately reflected that the dishonor must be felt still more keenly by her husband. . . . Presently he lifted his eyes to her face, and kept them fixed on her, as he said —

"Everything comes to light, Nancy, sooner or later. When God Almighty wills it, our secrets are found out.

I've lived with a secret on my mind, but I'll keep it from you no longer. I wouldn't have you know it by somebody else, and not by me — I wouldn't have you find it out after I'm dead. I'll tell you now. It's been 'I will' and 'I won't' with me all my life — I'll make sure of myself now."

Nancy's utmost dread had returned. The eyes of the husband and wife met with awe in them, as at a crisis which suspended affection.

"Nancy," said Godfrey, slowly, "when I married you, I hid something from you — something I ought to have told you. That woman Marner found dead in the snow — Eppie's mother — that wretched woman — was my wife; Eppie is my child."

(ELIOT: *Silas Marner*)

CHAPTER XI

FORCE (STRESS)

A third property of voice — force — may be defined as its volume. The volume of any vocal tone depends upon the amount of breath expended, and the skill with which the breath is utilized in the voice-box and the resonance cavities. The more breath used, the stronger is the tone, provided the breath is not allowed to escape wastefully through the vocal bands and resonance cavities. If the reeds on an oboe are set too far apart, or if the tubing of the bell is diminished, it requires a tremendous amount of breath to get a tone of ordinary volume. Similarly, if the vocal bands are not properly set, or if the vocalized breath is driven directly to the front of the mouth without being reinforced in the pharynx and nasal cavities, a large amount of air may be expended without getting commensurate volume of voice. Probably the most practical test for economical breath utilization is vocal quality. If this is clear and resonant, the force, or volume of tone varies directly with the amount of breath used.

Syllabic Accent

As in the case of pitch, the force of the voice is constantly changing as we speak. On individual words, force and pitch ordinarily vary together [1] on the prin-

[1] Every tone has quality, pitch, force, and duration, and though

ciple that as pitch rises, force increases, and as pitch lowers, force decreases. Observe this in pronouncing the words which were used in the chapter on inflection: *no, yes, why, this, when; accent, repeat, confuse, rebate, triumph; partition, article, controvert, readjust, pertinent; transubstantiation, unimpeachable, Trinitarian, solidification, registration.* Occasionally, of course, for a particular meaning, the stressed syllable is uttered at a lower pitch than the unstressed; but that is very exceptional. The increase of force on a certain syllable is called stress or accent, and is an important element in pronunciation.

Word Stress

Force as a factor in the expression of thought and feeling begins with the use of varying stress on certain words or groups of words in sentences. Here, too, pitch and force usually, though not always, vary together on the principle that the greater the stress is on any given word, the higher is the pitch, and vice versa. We may, for the sake of variety, stress a word, and at the same time lower the pitch. For example, if we were to stress "not" in the sentence "It is not," we would ordinarily raise the pitch from the beginning of the sentence through the letter "n" and then drop; but if the student will speak the sentence with a rise on "is" and a drop with increased force on "not," he will undoubtedly recognize the result as a type of stress occasionally heard. This

there are certain frequent combinations, such as high pitch with energetic force, or low pitch with subdued force, the properties are independent and their various degrees may be used in any combination.

type, however, is distinctly an exception to the prevailing usage stated above.

What are the chief reasons for placing varying amounts of stress on words in a sentence? There are three. In the first place, it contributes greatly to that variety of expression which has been so constantly urged as a source of agreeableness or pleasure to the listener. Again, change of stress is very restful to the vocal organs. The third and most important reason is that varying stress, judiciously placed, is probably the most significant single factor in expressing our thoughts both clearly and emphatically. In practically every word group, or thought unit, some word or words will be, for the particular purpose of the speaker, of greater importance than the others. Such words receive the stress, and it is essential to observe how the location of the stress determines the specific meaning of the sentence.

Let us take, for example, any such ordinary sentence as, " The secretary thinks we can buy this copy." If we stress " secretary," we direct special attention to the person who holds the opinion. If we stress " thinks," we indicate that the secretary has an opinion but is not sure. If " we " is stressed, the meaning is that " we," as compared or contrasted with others, can buy the copy. Should " can " be stressed, a contradiction of an opposite opinion is emphasized. If " buy " is stressed, the idea of getting possession of the copy by purchase is made the salient feature of the sentence. With the word " this " stressed, the sentence brings out the contrast between the copy in question and other copies. By stressing " copy," the speaker implies that the original is not to be purchased. Then,

too, it is possible to give further meanings by stressing more than one word, evenly, or with a primary and secondary stress, as, for example, " secretary " and " buy," " thinks " and " copy," or " this " and " copy," etc. These illustrations are sufficient to show how important it is that the speaker should know just what point or points he wants to bring out, and that he should place the stress properly in order to convey his exact meaning to his audience.

As to the manner in which the voice moves to and from the stressed words, we have, substantially, an analogy to the pitch movements. That is, the voice either makes a sudden increase or decrease in force to and from the stressed words, similar to the skip in pitch; or it may increase and decrease gradually to and from the stressed words, in a manner corresponding to the pitch glide. The student should note carefully that if the important words are to stand out, the relatively unimportant ones must be relatively unstressed. The failure to observe this rather obvious principle is not infrequently the cause of monotony, stiffness, and ineffective expression. It is just as serious a fault to stress too many words as to leave the important ones unstressed. Very often, of course, a sentence contains a series of words of equal or nearly equal importance, in consecutive order. This requires a repetition of stress, or, if the series is arranged with a view to climax, an increasing stress on each succeeding member.[1] It is not necessary that the words of such a series as we are discussing should be in parallel construction, such

[1] This method may be varied occasionally by speaking the climactic word with a subdued voice, or even a whisper if the situation is sufficiently intense.

as, "He visited villages, towns, and cities"; it may be that each member performs a different function in the sentence, as, for example, "I call attention to this point especially," in which the last three words constitute the stressed series. Indeed, it is worthy of note that stress is often applied evenly to such combinations as a noun and its adjective, a verb and its adverb, or a noun and the principal word or words of its modifying phrase. The following sentences illustrate such instances: "This is his *one chance*"; He must *eventually accept*"; "This act secured the *peace* of the *nation.*"

While it is not feasible, as has been indicated earlier in the chapter, to classify, on the basis of parts of speech or function in a sentence, the words of a thought group which receive the stress, it is possible to make some helpful suggestions. The all-inclusive principle for applying stress has already been presented: namely, that the word or words expressing the most significant element or elements of any thought unit will receive the stress. Such words may be anything from nouns down to prepositions. But the student should beware of the common tendency to stress without discrimination unimportant words, especially such words as "and," "but," "of," "the," "a," "for," etc. A word should never be stressed without a reason.

Two other specific observations may help the student to apply correctly the principle of stressing words according to their importance in a thought-unit. Words expressing an important contrast or comparison should be stressed whether they occur in the same sentence or in adjoining sentences. In the sentence, "It is unhappily true that we inherit the evil as well as

the good done by those who have gone before us," (ROOSEVELT) the words which get the main stress are "evil" and "good." In the next sentence, we have a double comparison, requiring stress on four expressions: "The character of *Milton* was peculiarly distinguished by *loftiness of spirit;* that of *Dante* by *intensity of feeling.*" (MACAULAY) An instance which happens to combine both a comparison and a contrast in two successive sentences is illustrated in the following: "*Logicians* may reason about *abstractions.* But the *mass* of men must have *images.*" (MACAULAY)

Another very helpful point in applying the general principle of stress is that words introducing important new ideas should always be stressed when they occur for the first time. Sometimes for the purpose of emphasis these words are repeated with increased stress, but ordinarily, when they are repeated in the same sentence or those immediately following, the stress is transferred to the qualifying or otherwise closely related words. The subjoined examples will illustrate the point. "This is not only true as far as the working classes are concerned, but it is especially true as regards the men of means, and above all of those men of means who also possess brains and ambition." (ROOSEVELT) "Sometimes, in addressing men who sincerely desire the betterment of our public affairs, I feel tempted to tell them that there are two gospels which should be preached to every reformer. The first is the gospel of morality; the second is the gospel of efficiency." (ROOSEVELT) Observe that in the first example "men of means" gets the chief stress upon its introduction, but is repeated with the chief stress trans-

ferred to "brains and ambition." Likewise, in the second example, the expression "two gospels" is introduced with stress, which is transferred in the next sentence from "gospel" to "morality" and "efficiency," respectively. The example which follows illustrates repetition for emphasis, in which case the stress on "you want" is not transferred but is increased on the same expression in the second sentence. "I only want what you want — human life made safe, assassination put out of business. I only want what you want — the gate which leads to our homes, the yard gate whose inward swing tells of the returning husband and father, shielded and guarded by the courage and manhood of Idaho judges." (BORAH)

EXERCISES IN STRESS

NOTE: Speak the sentences with a view to bringing out the meaning by a careful discrimination in the placing of stress.

I Gentlemen, while we read history we make history. (CURTIS)

II But be this as it may, we gladly agree that the one plain duty of every man is to face the future as he faces the present, regardless of what it may have in store for him, and, turning toward the light as he sees the light, to play his part manfully, as a man among men.

(ROOSEVELT)

III Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

(SHAKESPEARE)

IV The disparagers of culture make its motive curiosity; sometimes, indeed, they make its motive mere exclusiveness and vanity. (ARNOLD)

V Is there amongst you one friend to freedom? Is there amongst you one man who esteems equal and impartial justice, who values the people's rights as the foundation of private happiness, and who considers life as no boon without liberty? Is there amongst you one friend to the Constitution — one man who hates oppression? If there be, Mr. Magee appeals to his kindred mind, and confidently expects acquittal.

(O'CONNELL)

VI An actor, after having performed his part well, instead of courting further distinction, should affect obscurity, and "steal most guilty-like away," conscious of admiration that he can support nowhere but in his proper sphere, and jealous of his own and others' good opinion of him, in proportion as he is a darling in the public eye. (HAZLITT)

VII Milton, it is said, inherited what his predecessors created; he lived in an enlightened age; he received a finished education; and we must, therefore, if we would form a just estimate of his powers, make large deductions in consideration of these advantages. (MACAULAY)

VIII Politically, economically, socially, the world is on the operating table, and it has not been possible to administer any anæsthetic.

(PRESIDENT WILSON)

IX It is the property of the hero, in every time, in every place and situation, that he comes back

to reality; that he stands upon things, and not shows of things. (CARLYLE)

X I cannot tell whether I were more pleased or mortified, to observe in those solitary walks, that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about within a yard distance, looking for worms and other food, with as much indifference and security, as if no creature at all were near them. (SWIFT)

XI It not infrequently happens that the meaning of a great anniversary is for the time partly lost, and then found again when some renewal of the old conditions arises and it becomes an inspiration for the present as well as a remembrance of the past. (HADLEY)

XII Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let the nation perish; and the war came. (LINCOLN)

SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICAL APPLICATION

JOHNSON'S POMPOUS LITERARY STYLE

Johnson, as Mr. Burke most justly observed, appears far greater in Boswell's books than in his own. His conversation appears to have been quite equal to his writings in matter, and far superior to them in manner. When he talked, he clothed his wit and his sense in forcible and natural expressions. As soon as he took his pen in his hand to write for the public, his style became systematically vicious. All his books are written in a learned language, in a language which no-

body hears from his mother or his nurse, in a language in which nobody ever quarrels, or drives bargains, or makes love, in a language in which nobody ever thinks. It is clear that Johnson himself did not think in the dialect in which he wrote. The expressions which first came to his tongue were simple, energetic, and picturesque. When he wrote for publication, he did his sentences out of English into Johnsonese. His letters from the Hebrides to Mrs. Thrale are the original of that work of which the Journey to the Hebrides is the translation; and it is amusing to compare the two versions. "When we were taken up stairs," he says in one of his letters, "a dirty fellow bounced out of the bed on which one of us was to lie." This incident is recorded in the Journey as follows: "Out of one of the beds on which we were to repose started up at our entrance, a man black as a Cyclops from the forge." Sometimes Johnson translated aloud. "The Rehearsal," he said, very unjustly, "has not wit enough to keep it sweet"; then, after a pause, "it has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction."

(MACAULAY: *Samuel Johnson*)

THE MEANING OF WAR

What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purport and upshot of war? To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, by certain "Natural Enemies" of the French, there are successively selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men; Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them: she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and

even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red, and shipped away, at the public charge, some two thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain; and fed there till wanted. And now to that same spot, in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending; till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition; and Thirty stands fronting Thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word "Fire!" is given; and they blow the souls out of one another; and in place of sixty brisk useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay, in so wide a universe, there was even, unconsciously, by Commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! their Governors had fallen out; and instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot. (CARLYLE: *Sartor Resartus*)

WHAT IS PATRIOTISM?

The essence of patriotism lies in a willingness to sacrifice for one's country, just as true greatness finds expression, not in blessings enjoyed, but in good bestowed. Read the words inscribed on the monuments reared by loving hands to the heroes of the past; they do not speak of wealth inherited, or of honors bought, or of hours in leisure spent, but of service done. Twenty

years, forty years, a life, or life's most precious blood he yielded up for the welfare of his fellows — this is the simple story which proves that it is now, and ever has been more blessed to give than to receive.

The officer was a patriot when he gave his ability to his country and risked his name and fame upon the fortunes of war; the private soldier was a patriot when he took his place in the ranks and offered his body as a bulwark to protect the flag; the wife was a patriot when she bade her husband farewell and gathered about her the little brood over which she must exercise both a mother's and a father's care; and if there can be degrees in patriotism, the mother stood first among the patriots when she gave to the nation her sons, the divinely appointed support of her declining years, and, as she brushed the tears away, thanked God that He had given her strength to rear strong and courageous sons for the battle-field.

To us who were born too late to prove upon the battle-field our courage and our loyalty, it is gratifying to know that opportunity will not be wanting to show our love of country. In a nation like ours, where the government is founded upon the principle of equality and derives its just powers from the consent of the governed; in a land like ours, where every citizen is a sovereign and where no one cares to wear a crown, every year presents a battle-field and every day brings forth occasion for the display of patriotism.

(BRYAN: *Memorial Day Address*)

THE HOUSE-FLY

I believe we can nowhere find a better type of a perfectly free creature than in the common house-fly. Nor free only, but brave; and irreverent to a degree

which I think no human republican could by any philosophy exalt himself to. There is no courtesy in him; he does not care whether it is a king or a clown whom he teases; and in every step of his swift, mechanical march, and in every pause of his resolute observation, there is one and the same expression of perfect egotism, perfect independence and self-confidence, and conviction of the world's having been made for flies. Strike at him with your hand; and to him, the mechanical fact and external aspect of the matter is, what to you it would be, if an acre of red clay, ten feet thick, tore itself up from the ground in one massive field, hovered over you in the air for a second, and came crashing down with an aim. That is the external aspect of it; the inner aspect, to his fly's mind, is of a quite natural and unimportant occurrence — one of the momentary conditions of his active life. He steps out of the way of your hand, and alights on the back of it. You cannot terrify him, nor govern him, nor persuade him, nor convince him. He has his own positive opinion on matters; not an unwise one, usually, for his own ends; and will ask no advice of yours. He has no work to do — no tyrannical instinct to obey. The earthworm has his diggings; the bee her gathering and building; the spider her cunning network; the ant her treasury and accounts. All these are comparatively slaves, or people of vulgar business. But your fly, free in the air, free in the chamber — a black incarnation of caprice — wandering, investigating, flitting, flirting, feasting at his will, with rich variety of choice in feast, from the heaped sweets in the grocer's window to those of the butcher's back-yard, and from the galled place on your cab-horse's back to the brown spot in the road,

from which, as the hoof disturbs him, he rises with angry republican buzz — what freedom is like this?

(RUSKIN: *Liberty and Restraint*)

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

During the interval between the Fourth and the Fifth crusade, the epidemical fanaticism that had so long agitated Europe seized upon the children, resulting in what is known as the Children's Crusade. The preacher of this crusade was a lad about twelve years of age, a French peasant lad, named Stephen, who became persuaded that Jesus Christ had commanded him to lead a crusade of children to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre. The children became wild with excitement, and flocked in vast crowds to the place appointed for rendezvous. Nothing could restrain them or thwart their purpose. "Even bolts and bars," says an old chronicler, "could not hold them." The movement excited the most diverse views. Some declared that it was inspired by the Holy Spirit, and quoted such Scriptural texts as these to justify the enthusiasm: "A child shall lead them;" "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained praise." Others, however, were quite as confident that the whole thing was the work of the Devil.

The great majority of those who collected at the rallying places were boys under twelve years of age, but there were also many girls. The German children, fifty thousand in number, crossed the Alps, and marched down the Italian shores, looking for a miraculous pathway through the Mediterranean. From Brundusium two or three thousand of the little crusaders sailed away into oblivion. Not a word ever came back from them. The French children — about thirty thousand in num-

ber — set out from the place of rendezvous for Marseilles. Those that sailed from that port were betrayed, and sold as slaves in Alexandria and other Mohammedan slave markets.

This remarkable spectacle of the Children's Crusade affords the most striking exhibition possible of the ignorance, superstition, and fanaticism that characterized the period. Yet we cannot but reverence the holy enthusiasm of an age that could make such sacrifices of innocence and helplessness in obedience to what was believed to be the will of God.

(MYERS: *General History*)

MORALITY IN PUBLIC LIFE

Sometimes, in addressing men who sincerely desire the betterment of our public affairs, but who have not taken active part in directing them, I feel tempted to tell them that there are two gospels which should be preached to every reformer. The first is the gospel of morality; the second is the gospel of efficiency.

To decent, upright citizens it is hardly necessary to preach the doctrine of morality as applied to the affairs of public life. It is an even graver offense to sin against the commonwealth than to sin against an individual. The man who debauches our public life, whether by malversation of funds in office, by the actual bribery of voters or of legislators, or by the corrupt use of the offices as spoils wherewith to reward the unworthy and the vicious for their noxious and interested activity in the baser walks of political life,— this man is a greater foe to our well-being as a nation than is even the defaulting cashier of a bank, or the betrayer of a private trust. No amount of intelligence and no

amount of energy will save a nation which is not honest, and no government can ever be a permanent success if administered in accordance with base ideals. The first requisite in the citizen who wishes to share the work of our public life, whether he wishes himself to hold office or merely to do his plain duty as an American by taking part in the management of our political machinery, is that he shall act disinterestedly and with a sincere purpose to serve the whole commonwealth.

(ROOSEVELT: *Morality and Efficiency*)

A TRUE DEMAGOGUE

Our honorable friend, the member for Verbosity, being come into the presence of his constituents, and having professed with great suavity that he was delighted to see his good friend Tipkisson there, in his working dress — his good friend Tipkisson who always opposes him, and for whom he has a mortal hatred — made them a brisk, ginger-beery sort of speech, in which he showed them how the dozen noblemen and gentlemen had, in exactly ten days from their coming into office, exercised a surprisingly beneficial effect on the whole financial condition of Europe, had altered the state of the exports and imports for the current half year, had prevented the drain of gold, had made all that matter right about the glut of the raw material, and had restored all sorts of balances with which the superseded noblemen and gentlemen had played the deuce — and all this, with wheat at so much a quarter, gold at so much an ounce, and the Bank of England discounting good bills at so much per cent.! He might be asked, he observed in a peroration of great power, what were his principles? His principles were what they had always been.

His principles were written in the countenances of the lion and unicorn; were stamped indelibly upon the royal shield which those grand animals supported, and upon the free words of fire which that shield bore. His principles were, Britannia and her sea-king trident! His principles were, commercial prosperity, co-existently with perfect and profound agricultural contentment; but short of this he would never stop. His principles were these,— with the addition of his colors nailed to the mast, every man's heart in the right place, every man's eye open, every man's hand ready, every man's mind on the alert. His principles were these, concurrently with a general revision of something — speaking generally — and a possible readjustment of something else, not to be mentioned more particularly. His principles, to sum up all in a word were, Hearths and Altars, Labor and Capital, Crown and Sceptre, Elephant and Castle. And now, if his good friend Tipkisson required any further explanation from him he, our honorable friend, was there, willing and ready to give it. . . . Tipkisson now said that he was a plain man and that what he wanted to know was what our honorable friend was driving at.

(DICKENS: *Our Honorable Friend*)

A GREAT HISTORIC EPISODE

There is no great event in modern history, or, perhaps it may be said more broadly, none in all history from its earliest records less generally known, or more striking to the imagination than the flight eastwards of a principal Tartar nation across the boundless steppes of Asia in the latter half of the last century. The *terminus a quo* of this flight and the *terminus ad*

quem are equally magnificent,— the mightiest of Christian thrones being the one, the mightiest of pagan the other. And the grandeur of these two terminal objects is harmoniously supported by the romantic circumstances of the flight. In the abruptness of its commencement and the fierce velocity of its execution, we read the wild, barbaric character of those who conducted the movement. In the unity of purpose connecting this myriad of wills, and in the blind but unerring aim at a mark so remote, there is something which recalls to the mind those almighty instincts that propel the migrations of the swallow and the lemming, or the life-withering marches of the locust. Then, again, in the gloomy vengeance of Russia and her vast artillery which hung upon the rear and the skirts of the fugitive vassals, we are reminded of Miltonic images,— such, for instance, as that of the solitary hand pursuing through desert spaces and through ancient chaos a rebellious host, and overtaking with volleying thunders those who believed themselves already within the security of darkness and distance.

(De Quincey: *Revolt of the Tartars*)

MACBETH'S FEAR

(*Macbeth*): To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus.— Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My Genius is rebuked, as, it is said,

Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!

(SHAKESPEARE: *Macbeth*)

SELF-RELIANCE

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better for worse as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact, makes much impression on him, and another none. This sculpture in the memory is not without preëstablished harmony. The eye was placed where one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray.

We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be safely trusted as of proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have his work made manifest by cowards. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope.

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying the perception that the absolutely trustworthy was seated at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not minors and invalids in a protected corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but guides, redeemers and benefactors, obeying the Almighty effort and advancing on Chaos and the Dark.

(EMERSON: *Self-Reliance*)

CHAPTER XII

FORCE (RANGES)

As is the case of pitch, force may also be divided into three ranges; normal or moderate, greater than normal, which may be termed energetic; and less than normal, which may be termed subdued. Each range includes, of course, several degrees of force. In the preceding chapter we considered the almost constant change in the amount of force employed while speaking,— this change being due to the varying importance of the words used. Whether one is speaking in the moderate, the energetic, or the subdued range, the variation of force will be observed, but it will be least marked in the subdued range, and most marked in the energetic range. Another essential preliminary observation is that speech in any one range may from time to time, as occasion requires, change into another range. With these facts in mind, we shall consider the special functions of each of the three ranges.

Moderate Force

Naturally, the normal or moderate range is the one most frequently used, since it expresses ordinary facts and ideas, and all those states of feeling which do not, as we say, "grip the soul,"— such emotions, for example, as a moderate degree of happiness, displeasure, or affection. It is a mistake to suppose that normal

force, or normal quality, pitch, and rate, are to be used only for expression which is absolutely unemotional.

To set anything like definite limits to the three ranges of force is even more difficult than to fix pitch boundaries. Some voices are stronger than others, and each individual can best determine when he is using his moderate, subdued, and energetic, respectively. In establishing his moderate range, the speaker should realize that in public address, people, as a rule, use too little volume rather than too much. However, a voice which is firm, not flabby, tremulous or breathy, does not need to be loud even in a good-sized auditorium. As has been suggested before, a moderate rate and clear utterance count more for audibility than mere loudness. The cultivation of a firm, moderate volume will be of great advantage since, with occasional variations into the subdued and energetic, this is the most commonly used range. For practice in moderate force, the selections used for the practical application of stress, normal quality, and moderate rate are well adapted.

The Energetic Range

We may now consider those cases wherein energetic force, with, perhaps, occasional changes into the moderate, becomes the prevailing range throughout a larger or smaller part of an address. A very large audience, a noisy vicinity, or some other physical circumstance, may call for more than normal force. So may a sustained climax or peroration. Another reason for the use of the energetic range is excitement or intensity of feeling, which naturally manifest themselves with more than ordinary physical force. For example, in narrating or describing an exciting incident, energetic expression

would be employed; also in communicating the more intense degrees of such feelings as anger, scorn, determination, enthusiasm, hilarity, and contempt. It is comparatively easy to know when to use energetic force; the more difficult thing is to acquire the habit of discrimination, physical capacity, proper management of the strong voice, and sure control. Some speakers have no idea of fitness regarding the relation of matter to manner. Many who know better, but have not the habit of discrimination, use energetic force when there is no occasion for it. Others, who have not accustomed the throat muscles to vigorous action, become hoarse after a few sentences; or, if they have strong throats, they may exhaust the tissues by unwisely over-driving their tones, or forcing a large volume of air through the closed throat, and failing to take advantage of the amplifying cavities. Finally, any of these speakers may be unable to control the loud voice, or to shift flexibly from one degree of force to another within the energetic range. It is, indeed, a very common thing to hear a loud speaker pound his words uniformly. Intelligent practice, which strengthens the muscles, cultivates correct management, with resultant good quality in the loud range, and establishes a habit of flexibility, — such practice should be devoted to the following selections.

SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICAL APPLICATION

OVER THE TOP

(*King Henry*): Once more into the breach, dear
friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noble English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument;
Dishonor not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon the charge
Cry "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"

(SHAKESPEARE: *King Henry V*)

JUST CAUSE FOR ANGER

(*Hotspur*) : My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new-reap'd
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff! and still he smiled and talk'd,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestered with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,
He should, or should not; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds,— God save the mark!—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous saltpetre should be digg'd

Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

(SHAKESPEARE: *King Henry IV*)

STANDING BY THE PLEDGE TO PUERTO RICO

I never will vote to violate the promise General Miles made, or to repudiate the pledge. The Republic cannot afford, in this or any other campaign, to violate that sacred promise. It is written in the blood of our heroes that fought at El Caney, San Juan, and Santiago. It was made in the presence of all Christendom, and it is sealed by the God of battles. The Republic cannot violate that promise made to this weak and helpless people, without sullying its honor and tarnishing its fame. . . . Why, gentlemen here say that we are about to inaugurate a policy of colonial government. I want to ask the gentlemen in this House if they desire to signalize their entry upon a colonial government, in their very first act, by a breach of good faith. Do you remember the history of proud Spain? What is it? What is it that has characterized Spain ever since the sixteenth century, ever since Pizarro rode ruthless and roughshod over Mexico, and the Duke of Alva filled the Netherlands with carnage, blood, butcheries, and indescribable horrors, in his infamous attempt to crush out the very beginning of civil and re-

ligious liberty? What is it that has characterized her and made her contemptible before every honorable nation upon the earth? It is her duplicity and her breaches of good faith.

(LITTLEFIELD: *Our Pledge to Puerto Rico*)

A PLEA FOR INTERVENTION IN CUBA

The time for action has come. No greater reason for it can exist to-morrow than exists to-day. Every hour's delay only adds another chapter to the awful story of misery and death. Only our power can intervene — the United States of America. Ours is the one great nation of the New World; the mother of American republics. She holds a position of trust and responsibility toward the peoples and the affairs of the whole Western Hemisphere. It was her glorious example which inspired the patriots of Cuba to raise the flag of liberty in her eternal hills. We cannot refuse to accept this responsibility which the God of the Universe has placed upon us as the one great power in the New World. We must act! What shall our action be?

Intervention means force; force means war; war means blood. When has a battle for humanity and liberty ever been won except by force? What barricade of wrong, injustice, and oppression has ever been carried except by force? Force compelled the signature of unwilling royalty to the great Magna Charta; force put life into the Declaration of Independence and made effective the Emancipation Proclamation; force beat with naked hands on the iron gateway of the Bastile and made reprisal in one awful hour for centuries of kingly crime; force waved the flag of revolution over Bunker Hill and marked the snows of Valley Forge with blood

stained feet; force held the broken line at Shiloh, climbed the flame-swept hill at Chattanooga and stormed the clouds on Lookout Heights; force marched with Sherman to the sea, rode with Sheridan in the valley of the Shenandoah and gave Grant victory at Appomattox; force saved the Union, kept the stars in the flag, made "niggers" men. The time for God's force has come again.

Others may hesitate, others may procrastinate, others may plead for further diplomatic negotiations, which means delay; but for me, I am ready to act now! and for my action I am ready to answer to my conscience, my country and my God.

(THURSTON: *Intervention in Cuba*)

IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS

In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villainy upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

My Lords, what is it that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my Lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces, and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my Lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my Lords, you must not look to punish any other such delinquent from India. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish another delinquent.

My Lords, is it a prosecutor you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I believe, my Lords, that the sun, in his ben-

eficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community — all the Commons of England resenting, as their own, the indignities and cruelties, that are offered to all the people of India.

Do we want a tribunal? My Lords, no example of antiquity, nothing in the modern world, nothing in the range of human imagination, can supply us with a tribunal like this. . . .

Therefore, it is with confidence, that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted, whose property he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name, and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation, and condition of life.

(BURKE: *Impeachment of Warren Hastings*)

ARAC'S ULTIMATUM

The genial giant, Arac, roll'd himself
Thrice in the saddle, then burst out in words:
"Our land invaded, 'sdeath! and he himself
Your captive, yet my father wills not war!
And, 'sdeath! myself, what care I, war or no?
But then this question of your troth remains;
And there's a downright honest meaning in her.
She flies too high, she flies too high! and yet
She ask'd but space and fair-play for her scheme;
She prest and prest it on me — I myself
What know I of these things? but, life and soul!
I thought her half-right talking of her wrongs;
I say she flies too high, 'sdeath! what of that?
I take her for the flower of womankind,
And so I often told her, right or wrong;
And, Prince, she can be sweet to those she loves,
And, right or wrong, I care not; this is all,
I stand upon her side; she made me swear it —
'Sdeath! — and with solemn rites by candle-light —
Swear by Saint something — I forget her name —
Her that talk'd down the fifty wisest men;
She was a princess too; and so I swore.
Come, this is all; she will not; waive your claim.
If not, the foughten field, what else, at once
Decides it, 'sdeath! against my father's will.

(TENNYSON: *The Princess*)

TAKING THE BASTILE

"Come, then!" cried Defarge, in a resounding voice. "Patriots and friends, we are ready! The Bastile!"

With a roar that sounded as if all the breath in France had been shaped into the detested word, the

living sea rose, wave on wave, depth on depth, and overflowed the city to that point. Alarm-bells ringing, drums beating, the sea raging and thundering on its new beach, the attack began.

Deep ditches, double drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. Through the fire and through the smoke — in the fire and in the smoke, for the sea cast him up against a cannon, and on the instant he became a cannonier — Defarge of the wineshop worked like a manful soldier, two fierce hours.

Deep ditch, single drawbridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. One drawbridge down! "Work, comrades all, work! Work, Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques One Thousand, Jacques Two Thousand, Jacques Five and Twenty Thousand; in the name of all the Angels or the Devils — which you prefer — work!" Thus Defarge of the wine-shop, still at his gun, which had long grown hot.

"To me, women!" cried madame, his wife. "What! We can kill as well as the men when the place is taken!" And to her, with a shrill, thirsty cry, trooping women variously armed, but all armed alike in hunger and revenge.

Cannon, muskets, fire and smoke; but, still the deep ditch, the single drawbridge, the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers. Slight displacements of the raging sea, made by the falling wounded. Flashing weapons, blazing torches, smoking wagon-loads of wet straw, hard work at neighboring barricades in all directions, shrieks, volleys, execrations, bravery without stint, boom, smash and rattle, and the furious sounding of the living sea; but, still the deep ditch, and the single

drawbridge, and the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers, and still Defarge of the wine-shop at his gun, grown doubly hot by the service of four fierce hours.

A white flag within the fortress, and a parley — this dimly perceptible through the raging storm, nothing audible in it — suddenly the sea rose immeasurably wider and higher, and swept Defarge of the wine-shop over the lowered drawbridge, past the massive stone outer walls, in among the eight great towers surrendered!

(DICKENS: *A Tale of Two Cities*)

SELF-CONVICTED

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted of familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears; but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct: I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling; but it continued and gained definitiveness, until, at length, I found that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale; but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased, and what could I do? It was a low, dull sound; much such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I gasped for breath, and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly, more vehemently; but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations, but the noise steadily increased. Why

would they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observation of the men; but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what could I do? I foamed, I raved, I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder, louder, louder! And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God! no, no! They heard! they suspected! they knew! they were making a mockery of my horror! this I thought, and this I think. But anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die! and now — again! hark! louder! louder! louder! louder!

"Villains!" I shrieked, "dissemble no more! I admit the deed! Tear up the planks! here! here! It is the beating of his hideous heart!"

(Poe: *The Tell-Tale Heart*)

ATTACK ON NAPOLEON

I have entered the lists with the actual ruler of Europe, for it is well for the world that I should exhibit the picture. Louis Bonaparte is the intoxication of triumph. He is the incarnation of merry yet savage despotism. He is the mad plenitude of power seeking for limits, but finding them not, neither in men nor facts. Louis Bonaparte holds France . . . and he who holds France holds the world. He is master of the votes, master of the consciences, master of the people; he names his successor, does away with eternity, and places the future in a sealed envelope. His Senate, his Legislative Body, with lowered heads, creep behind him and

lick his heels. He takes up or drops the bishops and cardinals; he tramples upon justice which curses him, and upon judges who worship him. Thirty eager newspaper correspondents inform the world that he has frowned, and every electric wire quivers if he raises his little finger. Around him is heard the clanking of the saber and the roll of the drum. He is seated in the shadow of the eagles, begirt by ramparts and bayonets. Free people conceal their liberty lest he should rob them of it. The great American Republic even hesitates before him, and dares not withdraw her ambassador. Kings look at him with a smile from the midst of their armies, though their hearts be full of dread. Where will he begin? Belgium, Switzerland, or Piedmont? Europe awaits his invasion.

(HUGO: *Napoleon the Little*)

SQUIRE CASS ENRAGED

"There's been a cursed piece of ill-luck with Wildfire," Godfrey began; "happened the day before yesterday."

"What! broke his knees?" said the Squire, after taking a draught of ale. "I thought you knew how to ride better than that, sir. I never threw a horse down in my life. If I had, I might ha' whistled for another, for *my* father wasn't quite so ready to unstring as some other fathers I know of. But they must turn over a new leaf — *they* must. What with mortgages and arrears, I'm as short o' cash as a roadside pauper. And that fool Kimble says the newspaper's talking about peace. Why, the country wouldn't have a leg to stand on. Prices 'ud run down like a jack, and I should never get my arrears, not if I sold all the fellows up. And there's

that cursed Fowler, I won't put up with him any longer; I've told Winthrop to go to Cox this very day. The lying scoundrel told me he'd be sure to pay me a hundred last month. He takes advantage because he's on that outlying farm, and thinks I shall forget him. . . ."

"The truth is, sir — I'm very sorry—" . . . said Godfrey. "Fowler did pay me that hundred pounds. He paid it to me, when I was over there one day last month. And Dunsey bothered me for the money, and I let him have it, because I hoped I should be able to pay it to you before this."

The Squire was purple with anger before his son had done speaking, and found utterance difficult. "You let Dunsey have it, sir? And how long have you been so thick with Dunsey that you must *collogue* with him to embezzle my money? Are you turning out a scamp? I tell you I won't have it. I'll turn the whole pack of you out of the house together, and marry again. I'd have you remember, sir, my property's got no entail on it; — since my grandfather's time the Casses can do as they like with their land. Remember that, sir. Let Dunsey have the money! Why should you let Dunsey have the money? There's some lie at the bottom of it."

"There's no lie, sir," said Godfrey. "I wouldn't have spent the money myself, but Dunsey bothered me, and I was a fool, and let him have it. But I meant to pay it, whether he did or not. That's the whole story. I never meant to embezzle money, and I'm not the man to do it. You never knew me to do a dishonest trick, sir."

"Where's Dunsey then? What do you stand talking there for? Go and fetch Dunsey, as I tell you, and let him give an account of what he wanted the money for,

and what he's done with it. He shall repent it. I'll turn him out. I said I would, and I'll do it. He shan't brave me. Go and fetch him."

(ELIOT: *Silas Marner*)

THE SUBDUED RANGE

Whereas some circumstances, or states of mind and feeling tend to stimulate, to energize one's expression, others tend to subdue it. We shall, therefore, consider those cases in which the subdued range of force is most fittingly used as the prevailing manner throughout a larger and smaller section of an address. Weakness, quietness, and secrecy sometimes find expression in the subdued voice instead of the whisper. It may also be used, in conjunction with the moderate range, when the speaker is suppressing an intense state of feeling. Again, such emotions as tenderness, pity, sympathy, affection, sadness; and such attitudes as reverence, awe, and marked tranquillity are suggestively expressed by the subdued voice.

In using this range, care should be taken not to let the voice become inaudible. This tendency is often shown, especially, as is the case with low pitch, at the close of sentences. It is very easy, on the other hand, to shift unconsciously into a prevailing moderate range, which is not nearly so expressive of the mental or emotional states under consideration, and which is far less effectual than the subdued in arousing these states in the audience.

In using the subdued range, the articulation and enunciation must be particularly clear, for, like the whisper, it lends itself readily to indistinctness.

In practicing the following selections for the cultiva-

tion of distinctness of utterance, control, flexibility, and appealing voice quality in the subdued range, it is absolutely essential to feel a hearty sympathy with the mood of the piece.

SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICAL APPLICATION

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER

A soldier lay wounded on a hard-fought field, the roar of the battle had died away, and he rested in the deadly stillness of its aftermath. . . . Off over the field flickered the lanterns of the surgeons with the litter-bearers, searching that they might take away those whose lives could be saved and leave in sorrow those who were doomed to die. . . . This poor soldier watched, unable to turn or speak as the lanterns drew near. At last the light flashed in his face, and the surgeon, with kindly face, bent over him, hesitated a moment, shook his head, and was gone, leaving the poor fellow alone with death. He watched in patient agony as they went on from one part of the field to another. As they came back the surgeon bent over him again. "If he but lives till sundown, he will get well." He turned his weary head to the east and watched for the coming sun. . . . He watched it inch by inch as it climbed slowly up the heavens. He thought of life, its hopes and ambitions, its sweetness and its raptures, and he fortified his soul against despair until the sun had reached high noon. It sloped down its slow descent, and his life was ebbing away and his heart was faltering, and he needed stronger stimulants to make him stand the struggle until the end of the day had come. He thought of his far-off home, the blessed house resting in tranquil peace with the roses climbing to its door, and the trees

whispering to its windows, and dozing in the sunshine, the orchard and the little brook running like a silver thread through the forest.

"If I live till sundown, I will see it again." . . . And the Son of God, who had died for men, bending from the stars, put the hand that had been nailed to the cross on ebbing life and held on until the sun went down and the stars came out, and shone down in the brave man's heart and blurred in his glistening eyes, and the lanterns of the surgeons came and he was taken from death to life.

(GRADY: *The South and Her Problems*)

THE DEATH OF MOLLY CASS

While Godfrey Cass was taking draughts of forgetfulness from the sweet presence of Nancy, losing all sense of that hidden bond which at other moments galled and fretted him so as to mingle irritation with the very sunshine, Godfrey's wife was walking with slow, uncertain steps through the snow-covered Ravelow lanes, carrying her child in her arms. . . .

She had set out at an early hour, but had lingered on the road, inclined by her indolence to believe that if she waited under a warm shed the snow would cease to fall. She had waited longer than she knew, and now that she found herself belated in the snow-hidden ruggedness of the long lanes, even the animation of a vindictive purpose could not keep her spirit from failing. It was seven o'clock, and by this time she was not very far from Ravelow, but she was not familiar enough with those monotonous lanes to know how near she was to her journey's end. She needed comfort, and she knew but one comforter — the familiar demon in her bosom; but

she hesitated a moment, after drawing out the black remnant, before she raised it to her lips. In that moment the mother's love pleaded for painful consciousness rather than oblivion — pleaded to be left in aching weariness rather than to have the encircling arms benumbed so that they could not feel the dear burden. In another moment Molly had flung something away, but it was not the black remnant — it was the empty phial. And she walked on again under the breaking cloud from which there came now and then the light of a quickly veiled star, for a freezing wind had sprung up since the snowing had ceased. But she walked always more and more drowsily, and clutched more and more automatically the sleeping child at her bosom.

Slowly the demon was working his will, and cold and weariness were his helpers. Soon she felt nothing but a supreme immediate longing that curtained off all futurity — the longing to lie down and sleep. She had arrived at a spot where her footsteps were no longer checked by a hedgerow, and she wandered vaguely, unable to distinguish any objects, notwithstanding the wide whiteness around her, and the growing starlight. She sank down against a straggling furze bush, an easy pillow enough; and the bed of snow, too, was soft. She did not feel that the bed was cold, and she did not heed whether the child would wake and cry for her. But her arms had not yet relaxed their instinctive clutch; and the little one slumbered on as gently as if it had been rocked in a lace-trimmed cradle. But complete torpor came at last: the fingers lost their tension, the arms unbent; then the little head fell away from the bosom, and the blue eyes opened wide on the cold starlight.

(Eliot: *Silas Marner*)

GARFIELD'S LAST HOURS

With unfaltering front Garfield faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he heard the divine decree. And as the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders — on its far sails whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

(BLAINE: *The Death of Garfield*)

THE LITTLE CRIPPLE'S GARDEN

Down in a narrow lane, in a low cellar, lived a poor sick boy; he had been afflicted from his childhood, and even in his best days he could just manage to walk up and down the room on crutches once or twice, but no

more. During some days in summer, the sunbeams would lie on the floor of the cellar for about half an hour. In this spot the poor sick boy would sit warming himself in the sunshine, and watching the red blood through his delicate fingers as he held them before his face. Then he would say he had been out, yet he knew nothing of the green forest in its spring verdure, till a neighbor's son brought him a green bough from a birch-tree. This he would place over his head, and fancy that he was in the beech-wood while the sun shone, and the birds carolled gaily. One spring day the neighbor's boy brought him some field-flowers, and among them was one to which the root still adhered. This he carefully planted in a flower-pot, and placed in a window-seat near his bed. And the flower had been planted by a fortunate hand, for it grew, put forth fresh shoots, and blossomed every year. It became a splendid flower-garden to the sick boy, and his little treasure upon earth. He watered it and cherished it, and he took care it should have the benefit of every sunbeam that found its way into the cellar, from the earliest morning ray to the evening sunset. The flower entwined itself even in his dreams — for him it bloomed, for him it spread its perfume. And it gladdened his eyes, and to the flower he turned, even in death, when the Lord called him. He has been one year with God. During that time the flower has stood in the window, withered and forgotten, till at length cast out among the sweepings into the street, on the day of a lodger's removal. And this poor flower, withered and faded as it is, we have added to our nosegay, because it gave more real joy than the most beautiful flower in the garden of a queen.

(Anderson: *The Angel*)

ELEGY

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where yon beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:

How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
(GRAY: *Elegy Written in Country Churchyard*)

THE BURIAL OF LITTLE NELL

And now the bell — the bell she had so often heard, by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice — rung its remorseless toll, for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth — on crutches, in the pride of strength and health, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life — to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses fading; grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old; the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave. What was the death it would shut in, to that which still could crawl and creep above it?

Along the crowded path they bore her now; pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it; whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under the porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that

peaceful spot, she passed again; and the old church received her in its quiet shade. . . . Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust! Many a young hand dropped its little wreath; many a stifled sob was heard; some, and they were not few, knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the pavement-stone should be replaced. . . . They saw the vault covered, and the stone fixed down. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place, when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall and arch, and most of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave,— in that calm time, when outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them,— then with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God.

(DICKENS: *The Old Curiosity Shop*)

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

Oft in the stilly night
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me
Fond memory brings the light
  Of other days around me:
    The smiles, the tears
    Of boyhood years,
  The words of love then spoken;
    The eyes that shone,
    Now dimm'd and gone,
  The cheerful hearts now broken!

Thus in the stilly night
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me
Sad memory brings the light
  Of other days around me.

When I remember all
  The friends so link'd together
I've seen around me fall
  Like leaves in wintry weather,
    I feel like one
    Who treads alone
  Some banquet-hall deserted,
    Whose lights are fled,
    Whose garlands dead,
  And all but him departed!
Thus in the stilly night
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me
Sad memory brings the light
  Of other days around me.

(MOORE: *The Light of Other Days*)

THE BABY IS DEAD

There is a white hatchment over the portal — a long streamer of snowy crepe trails from the muffled bell-knob, like a film of ghostly morning mist. We know that an impalpable footstep has fallen on this threshold; that a shadowy hand has knocked at this shrouded door; that the dread visitant, who is not to be denied or turned away, has entered there; he has entered and departed, but the veiled mourner, Sorrow, who treads solemnly after him, has stayed behind.

His ruthless hand has plucked the white bud of promise that gladdened the fair garland of household love —

the bud that breathed the yet infolded perfume of sweet but undefined hopes, that coming years would ripen to fruition. His remorseless foot has fallen beside this hearthstone — and lo! the dread footprint has hollowed a little grave. The baby is dead.

The tiny image, white as sculptured Parian, lies yonder in its snowy casket, draped in spotless fabrics, and wreathed in funeral flowers. The mother bends with anguished eyes over the still, small effigy of her last hope, but the baby is not there. Out of her arms, out of life, something has gone that will not return. The sealed lids will not uplift from happy sleep, the wondering eyes will search her face no more. The little restless hands lie still and pulseless, frozen into eternal quiet, their silken touches, vague and aimless as the kisses of the south wind, will steal into her bosom to soothe her weariness and assuage her grief, no more. She realizes this, and with all the live, pulsating grief of newly-bereaved motherhood, she leans above the dainty coffin, and slow, scalding tears, wrung from the very fibres of her bruised life, drop one by one on the unconscious face. . . .

And the days lengthen, and the nights fall, and the years roll on. She keeps the key to baby's casket in her bosom — the memory of her rosebud far within her breast — and life, for her, is never again quite what it used to be ere baby died.

(BROWN: *The Baby is Dead*)

KING DAVID MOURNS FOR ABSALOM

The waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,

Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream; the willow leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leaned, in graceful attitudes, to rest.

How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world!

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood
With his faint people, for a little rest
Upon the shores of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.

Oh! when the heart is full — when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor, common words of courtesy
Are such a very mockery — how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!

(Willis: *Absalom*)

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last that reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

As sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hapless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more!

(TENNYSON: *The Princess*)

CHAPTER XIII

RATE (IN WORDS AND SENTENCES)

In addition to quality, force, and pitch, every sound has a certain duration in time. When several sounds are uttered in succession, the term rate, instead of duration, is used to designate the time element. Broadly classified, rate of speaking may be considered as moderate (normal), rapid, or slow. A skillful and discriminating use of these ranges is a signal help in delivery. The changes in pitch and force already presented are sufficient to provide for the expression of normal interest and for the distinction of ordinary relative values. Therefore, a moderate rate is used most of the time. But if the speaker desires to create an impression of emotional intensity, excitement, or rapid action, a fast rate is much more suggestive to his audience. If, on the contrary, he wishes to give unusual weight, or emphasis to an idea or part of an idea, or if he has occasion to suggest great size or slow action, a more deliberate than normal rate is most fitting. Furthermore, the student should not overlook the fact that a changing rate is an aid to pitch and force variation in the avoidance of monotony. And, of course, an appreciable change of rate may be made in any one rate-range without passing into one of the others; i. e., there are various degrees of normal, of slow, and of rapid rate. For more detailed consideration of the time ele-

ment, it will be advantageous to study its application to words and sentences, and later to whole sections of an address.

Rate Applied to Single Words

The time occupied in speaking any word may vary considerably, from an utterance which is abrupt to one which is slowly drawn out. This possibility is due to the fact that the vowels, especially the long vowels, and the continuant consonants may all be indefinitely prolonged or shortened in quantity, as may also the breaks between syllables. From this it is obvious that words which are composed mainly of short vowels and explosive consonants, such as *quick*, *brisk*, *chuck*, and *pick*, lend themselves readily to rapid utterance. On the contrary, words comprising long vowels and continuants, such as *allay*, *lean*, *file*, *moan*, and *use*, invite slow utterance. Moreover, words of many syllables, such as *occupation*, *prohibition*, and *manufacture*, are more adaptable to slow delivery than are words of about the same length but of fewer syllables, such as *blackboard*, *playground*, and *throughout*, owing to the possibility of retarding at the breaks between syllables. Speakers may well bear in mind, both in composition and delivery, this varied capacity in words. Of course, in the case of extempore speaking not much choice for purposes of rate is to be expected, but it is desirable to realize that a single well-chosen and aptly spoken word can produce a marked effect. For example, supposing a person is talking about a plan which has been carefully worked out, when one day something went wrong and — " click — the whole thing fell through. The failure was due to just one fault — procrastination." The word " click,"

abruptly spoken, suggests suddenness; the word "procrastination," somewhat drawn out, carries with it an impression of postponement which the word "delay," for instance, could not give. Consider the telling effect of dwelling on "honorable men," and then giving a short, sharp utterance to "daggers" and "stabbed," in the sentence, "I fear I wrong the honorable men whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar." When this use of rapid or slow words, as they may be termed, is extended to groups, the effect is even more striking. Writers often take advantage of the suggestive-word principle, known as onomatopœia; but it can be much more effectively employed by the speaker because he can bring out the proper value in delivery.

EXERCISES

I. Utter very slowly the long sounds of a, e, i, o, u; also the syllables ēf, ēl, ēm, ēn, ūr, ēs, vē.

II Speak slowly the following words, noting their meaning and the character of their component sounds: roll, blow, alone, gloom, groan, wail, toll, slow, moan, long, shame, drear, knell, sigh, roar, hang, haul, crawl, writhe, dream, drone, stroll, drawl, dying, sublime, murmuring, lonesome, pondering, roaming, far-flung, forlorn, linger, longing, venerable, solemn, dominion, mournful, loathsome, fawning, lounging, long-drawn, over and over, day after day.

III. Utter the following syllables clearly and abruptly, using the short sound of the vowel: ba, cha, da, ga, ja, ka, pa, ta; repeat the syllables, substituting in turn the short sound of e, i, o, and u.

IV. Pronounce sharply but distinctly the following words, noting their meaning and component sounds: bit,

jab, tap, brisk, click, trip, snap, stop, kick, charge, clip, jerk, tid-bit, stab, dart, quick, short, sharp, tick, sped, abrupt, bitter, dagger, stabbed, jerked, titter, tinkle, attack, petty, torrent, pepper, sputter, darted, nip and tuck, short and sharp.

Rate Applied to Sentences

The expressive capacity of a given rate is greater when applied to groups of words than when applied to single words, because the effect produced by this rate is, obviously, multiplied by lengthening or shortening the space between words. Furthermore, the contrasts between slowly spoken and rapidly spoken groups are more impressive. It might seem as if such a hint were all that is needed to put the time element into the student's possession for practical use. As in so many other instances, however, this is not the case. He must develop a keen sense for the possibilities of suggesting ideas and emotions by means of rate; he must acquire, also, mental poise and physical control in the execution of his aim. Owing to a common tendency to speak before audiences with an unvarying, habitual rate, it is probably more difficult for the student to modify it to fit groups of words than to adapt it to a whole section. And yet this frequent rate variation in speaking sentences is most essential since the average speech section is composed of units which differ in relative importance, in degree of complexity, in intensity of feeling, or in suggestion of rapidity or slowness of action. To speak a phrase here, a clause there, and a sentence in another place, now more slowly, now more rapidly than the prevailing rate for the section as a whole,— that is the

method which tends to bring out most fitly the sense of the subject.

EXERCISES

NOTE: Read the following sentences, using a moderate, rapid, or slow rate according to what seems best adapted to convey the various thoughts and feelings expressed. Observe that some of the sentences require a consistent rate throughout, while others require a change within the sentence.

I. As soon as Macaulay had finished his rough draft, he began to fill it in at the rate of six sides of foolscap every morning, written in so large a hand and with such a multitude of erasures that the whole six pages were, on the average, compressed into two pages of print. (TREVELYAN)

II. Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing;
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying. (TENNYSON)

III. Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathéd Smiles.
(MILTON)

IV. Slowly, cautiously, they crept forward, and then with a sudden rush they sprang through the hedge and opened fire.

V. I told him plainly and repeatedly to bring the document on this particular date.

VI. Our country should never forget Lincoln's immortal phrases: of the people, by the people, and for the people.

VII. One — two — three — the great bell boomed out, setting the very walls vibrating.

VIII. Flashing weapons, blazing torches, smoking wagon-loads of wet straw, hard work at neighboring barricades in all directions, shrieks, volleys, execrations, bravery without stint, boom, smash, and rattle; but still the deep ditch, and the single drawbridge, and the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers, and still Defarge of the wine-shop at his gun, now grown doubly hot by the service of four fierce hours. (DICKENS)

IX. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time.
(SHAKESPEARE)

X. Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wickedness and wantonness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interests, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death — and he did not quail. (BLAINE)

XI. The villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.
(SHAKESPEARE)

XII. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance, advance and retire, both hands to your partners, bow and curtsey, corkscrew, thread-the-needle, and back again to your place — Fezziwig "cut!"— cut so deftly that he appeared to wink with his legs — and came upon his feet again without a stagger. (DICKENS)

XIII. I turned in my saddle, and made its girth tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check strap, chain'd slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.
(BROWNING)

XIV. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.
(SHAKESPEARE)

XV. We fully recognize that, as has been true in the past, so it is true now, and ever will be true, the prime factor in each man's or woman's success must normally be that man's or woman's own character — character, the sum of many qualities, of honesty, of courage, and of common sense. (ROOSEVELT)

XVI. Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind,
We sped like meteors through the sky.
(BYRON)

XVII The greatest of all the mysteries of life, and the most terrible, is the corruption of even the sincerest religion, which is not daily founded on rational, effective, humble, and helpful action. (RUSKIN)

XVIII. I imagine that a few of the gentlefolks of Cranford were poor, and had some difficulty in making both ends meet; but they were like the Spartans, and concealed their smart under a smiling face. (GASKELL)

XIX. Things are growing desperate up aloft; the enemy tumble rocks upon the rising line; they light fuses and roll shells down the steep; they load the guns

with handfuls of cartridges in their haste; and as if there were powder in the word, they shout "Chicamauga!" down upon the mountaineers. (TAYLOR)

XX. The solemn ceremonial of the first inauguration, the reverent oath of Washington, the acclaim of the multitude greeting their President, marked the most unique event of modern times in the development of free institutions. (DEPEW)

CHAPTER XIV

PHRASING AND PAUSE

Phrasing

Closely associated with rate are two distinct aspects of delivery: phrasing and pause. Phrasing is the grouping of words for utterance without an appreciable break, or pause. The basic principle of proper phrasing is the joining, in a single utterance, of those words which constitute a thought unit. Correct phrasing is mechanically desirable in that it provides opportunities for renewing the breath supply with reasonable frequency. It also adds to variety of expression by making use of the differing lengths of successive thought units. But the two chief aims of phrasing are to convey our ideas most clearly, and to bring out the relative values of the various factors of our thoughts.

Regarding the first of these aims, it is obvious that many sentences contain two or more concepts which may convey a confusing or misleading impression if they are merged in delivery. Take, for example, the sentence, "The investigators found in the warehouses great numbers of eggs and chickens and people suffering at the same time because of the scarcity of food on the market." Now unless this sentence is properly phrased, the listener may be left wondering why eggs and chickens and people should be in the warehouse, or why the

investigators should be suffering from scarcity of food, or something equally strange. But if the speaker breaks the sentence after " chickens," the meaning is perfectly clear. Other sentences contain factors which must be combined in expression if the listener is to get immediately the correct impression. Consider, for instance, the sentence, " The attitude of the workmen who refused to accept the terms was denounced by their fellow employees." To make the meaning clear at once, it is necessary to combine " The attitude of the workmen " and " who refused to accept the terms " in a single phrase.

Now as to the second aim of proper phrasing — to aid in the concentration of attention upon the most important elements of our thought. In the first place, a feature which stands apart attracts notice by that very fact. Therefore, if any phase of our thought, whether it be embodied in a word, a phrase, or a clause, has an unusually significant independent value, we give it separate utterance. If it has no independent value, or if we do not wish to attach to it the significance which derives from separate phrasing, we group it with another unit, and depend upon inflection, or force, or rate variation to indicate the most important of the combined units. For example, let us take such a typical sentence as " At about ten in the morning when the dew was off the ground, we started for town but it began to rain and we had to return." There are in this sentence five thought units, ending respectively with " morning," " ground," " town," " rain," and " return." But it would probably be better to speak the sentence in three phrases, ending with " ground," " town," and " return," respectively, since the subordinate units would be given

undue prominence by a more detailed phrasing. Each sentence presents its own particular phrasing problem, and the speaker must use his judgment as to what combinations and separations he should make in order to express himself most clearly and forcefully.

Two faults in phrasing are of common occurrence, both of which tend to defeat the aims just stated. One fault may be termed jerkiness. The speaker proceeds without regard to the logical grouping of his words. He habitually progresses by spurts of two or three words, unmindful of the difficulty of the listener in readjusting the words in their proper relationships, unmindful of the nervous tension which the sound of such a style produces. To illustrate this style, the above sentence may be read as follows: "At about ten — in the morning — when the dew — was off the ground — we started — for town — but it soon began — to rain — and we were obliged — to return."

Such a manner of speaking may in some cases be due to improper breath management, in which event the speaker should at once give his attention to this factor. In other cases the fault results from incoherent thinking, or failure to guide his utterance on the thought unit principle.

The second fault in phrasing produces the same bad effect of making expression hard to understand and tiresome to the ear. But it does this in a directly opposite way, i. e., by habitually uttering without breaks long strings of words which frequently comprise several thought units. It is often possible to join two or more thought units in a single utterance, as has already been stated, but it should not be done habitually and without discrimination; for it is only where the thought units

are in the closest relationship, or interdependent, that unbroken delivery is anywhere nearly as clear as judiciously interrupted expression. Notice how in the following sentence the phrasing determines the meaning for the listener. "The farm delegates who stayed at the hotel were not popular with the other working people at the convention." If we break the sentence after "delegates" and again after "hotel," the meaning will be that all the farm delegates stayed at the hotel, and were all unpopular. But if we do not break the sentence until "hotel," the meaning will be that only part of the farm delegates stayed at the hotel, and that these were the unpopular ones. Of course, if one were to read this sentence from print, and if it were properly punctuated to bring out the writer's meaning, the abscence of commas after "delegates" and "hotel" would indicate the proper phrasing. But punctuation is often wrong or not indicative of the best oral expression, and — what is more significant — we are chiefly concerned here, as elsewhere in this book, with preparation for extempore speaking, which is put in final form while the speaker stands before his audience. The study of phrasing may be carried on from the printed page, but the student must acquire the habit of thinking in complete units instead of composing word by word. The pause between such units is ordinarily short, but it affords an opportunity to think through the next unit before proceeding, and the time utilized for such thought will tend to increase with practice and experience. It would be well for the student to realize, however, that the experienced speaker usually takes more time in expressing himself than does the beginner; not that he needs it, but because he knows the value of

deliberate expression, and has the poise to act upon his knowledge.

Before proceeding to the practical application of the principles of phrasing, it is desirable to note one more type of construction which frequently occurs, namely, the single word unit. We shall examine two sets of typical examples. "Men, women, and children were invited to sign the petition"; and "The lines were run into cities, towns, and villages, but the rural districts had no service." In such instances the speaker may desire to make each part of the analysis stand out in the mind of his hearers. To accomplish this he has only to deliver the analysis as three separate phrases; i. e., with a break after each member. By this means the first sentence becomes, in effect, a condensed way of saying, "Men were invited to sign the petition; women were invited to sign the petition; and children were invited to sign the petition." The same thing applies to "cities, towns, and villages" in the second example. At other times the speaker may wish to produce a single cumulative effect in expressing a group of concepts. For example, "The candidate promised political plums to every Tom, Dick, and Harry in the district;" or, "The lives of men, women, and children were not to be considered if only his factory wheels kept grinding out huge profits." In cases of this kind, a more telling effect is produced by grouping the units of the analyses rather than separating them into distinct phrases.

EXERCISES

NOTE 1: Study the sentences, and practice reading them aloud with such phrasing as will convey the meaning most clearly, and give proper valuation to the thoughts.

NOTE 2: Let the thought rather than the punctuation determine the phrasing.

I. Nelson directed him to say that, unless they were instantly delivered, he would instantly open his fire. (SOUTHEY)

II. This event, which, from the moment that Spain had been compelled to make peace, was clearly foreseen, had now taken place. (SOUTHEY)

III. Whenever these three signs are present, without some clear cause, such as a cold or unusual overwork or strain, especially if they be accompanied by a rapid pulse and a tendency to get out of breath readily in running upstairs, they should make us suspect tuberculosis. (HUTCHINSON)

IV. This fact has, however, its encouraging side; for, since this habit of crowding together, which we call civilization, or "citification," has caused and keeps causing these diseases, it can also cure them and prevent their spread if all the people will fight them in dead earnest. (HUTCHINSON)

V. To the Greeks life was so bright and joyous a thing that they looked upon death as a great calamity. (MYERS)

VI. In some districts the barbarian invaders and the Roman provincials were kept apart for a long time by the bitter antagonism of race, and a sense of injury on the one hand and a feeling of disdainful superiority on the other. (MYERS)

VII. The new Poor-Law is an announcement, sufficiently distinct that whosoever will not work ought not to live. (CARLYLE)

VIII. There probably never was since the Heptarchy

ended, or almost since it began, so hugely critical an epoch in the history of England as this we have now entered upon, with universal self-congratulation and flinging up of caps. (CARLYLE)

IX. A painter told me that nobody could draw a tree without in some sort becoming a tree; or draw a child by studying the outline of its form merely, but by watching for a time his motions and plays, the painter enters into his nature and can then draw him at will in every attitude. (EMERSON)

X. Ever since I was a boy I have wished to write a discourse on Compensation; for it seemed to me when very young that on this subject life was ahead of theology and the people knew more than the preachers taught. (EMERSON)

XI. Clowns and country people are more amused, are more disposed to laugh and make sport of the dress of strangers, because from their ignorance the surprise is greater, and they cannot conceive anything to be natural or proper to which they are unused. (HAZLITT)

XII. On the contrary, in the long run the politics of fraud and foulness are unpractical politics, and the most practical of all politicians is the politician who is clean and decent and upright. (ROOSEVELT)

XIII. Every great nation owes to the men whose lives have formed part of its greatness not merely the material effect of what they did, not merely the laws which they placed upon the statute books or the victories they won over armed foes, but also the immense but indefinable moral influence produced by their deeds and words themselves upon the national character. (ROOSEVELT)

XIV. The chief thing necessary in America in order that she should let all the world know that she is pre-

pared to maintain her own great position is that the real voice of the nation should sound forth unmistakably and in majestic volume, in the deep unison of a common, unhesitating national feeling. (PRESIDENT WILSON)

Pause

In treating the subject of pause separately, the purpose is to deal with a longer, more marked hesitation than is ordinarily required for the break between phrases. The location of this longer pause is not limited to phrase ends, but may occur in the midst of a thought-unit, between sentences, anywhere. It is to be observed at the outset that many who phrase their speaking fairly well are sometimes deficient in the use of the special pause. That deficiency is, indeed, one of the outstanding characteristics of the unpracticed speaker. His chief aim appears to be to get on, to get through somehow, without regard to the value of the thoughts expressed, or to the impression which they are making upon his audience. This is usually due, not to a lack of appreciation or of desire to impress, but rather to a lack of poise. Now pause is closely related to poise, and it is safe to say that the cultivation of the pause is one of the things that will tend to increase the speaker's self-control before an audience.

What are the chief objects of the marked pause? First, it is an important means of emphasis. Occurring before a significant expression, it intensifies the attention for that which is to follow; it constitutes a signal to the audience to be especially alert. When used after the striking word or phrase, it holds the listener to the preceding expression, and indicates the speaker's valuation of it. The effect is, of course, intensified by using

the pause both before and after the significant expression. Let us consider some typical instances where the emphatic pause could be used to advantage.

> My advice to you regarding this whole city management plan can be summed up in just one word — "don't!"
>
> The State Investigating Committee finally brought forward against the company a paltry bill for three thousand dollars! — twelve expensive men working a month to produce that result.
>
> Here you have the essence of Carlyle's philosophy — work! — whether with the hand or with the brain.

In employing the emphatic pause, the speaker must be physically and mentally alert, evincing in his outward bearing during the pause an intensity of mind which makes the silence more expressive than words could be. Furthermore, the device should not be used so frequently as to become commonplace and, therefore, unimpressive.

A second use for the marked pause is after the close of a very significant sentence, complex thought, or rhetorical question, any one of which may need more than ordinary reflection on the part of the audience. The speaker ought always to be conscious of the fact that he is, in most cases, sure of his ground, whereas the audience is there for the purpose of getting his viewpoint, hearing new ideas, digesting them, comparing them with their own views, accepting here and rejecting there,— all of which takes time. And it is particularly desirable that at crucial or difficult points the speaker should give his listeners special time, for his own sake and theirs. Unless, of course, he is a demagogue or spell-binder, who

depends upon carrying his message on the crest of a spouting wave — which is in danger of breaking on the shores of deliberation. The pause at the points just mentioned also permits the speaker to observe whether his hearers are in accord with him or need to be further informed or convinced before he passes on. Consider, for example, how desirable would be the use of pause in delivering the following passage from one of Burke's speeches.

> Do you imagine that it is the Land Tax Act which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote of the Committee of Supply which gives you your army? or that it is the Mutiny Bill which inspires it with bravery?

A third use of the marked pause is to designate an abrupt break in the sense or construction, such as a parenthetical remark, an exclamation, an appositional expression, or a series of words or phrases more distinctly separated than the ordinary sequence discussed under phrasing. The following sentences illustrate the constructions mentioned.

> If, sir, I wished to find a strong and perfect illustration of the effects which I anticipate from long copyright, I should select,— my honorable and learned friend will be surprised,— I should select the case of Milton's granddaughter. (MACAULAY)
>
> Chops — gracious heavens! — and tomato sauce! (DICKENS)
>
> Then, if we live up to them we shall keep the words " an American citizen " what they now are, — the noblest title any man can bear. (LODGE)
>
> Ten — fifteen — twenty minutes go by like a reluctant century. (TAYLOR)

A fourth occasion for the marked pause is in case of doubt, or need for careful deliberation on the part of the speaker. The pause which permits the audience to reflect has already been mentioned; and the speaker, at times, may wish to weigh his conclusions, or to deliberate on the exact manner of presenting them. This point is mentioned because so many students tend to become badly flustered if they have to pause for this purpose. The pause is often perfectly reasonable and justifiable, and unless the speaker foolishly allows it to disturb his poise, it will not be looked upon by the audience as a sign of weakness.

Finally, the marked pause may on occasion be advantageously employed to indicate a transition from one phase of an address to another. Sometimes a speaker sets out in a convincing way to discuss a specifically stated point, but after he has been speaking for a time the listener finds himself no longer able to connect the discussion with the point supposedly under consideration. Presently a chance statement reveals the fact that for some time the speaker has been talking on a new point. This common occurrence is very disadvantageous to the speaker. It may not always be desirable to state at the opening of each new phase the exact point to be presented, but whether or not that is done, the pause is always available to help in indicating a transition and to invite the audience to take a fresh start on the subject.

EXERCISES

I The answer is just this — it can't be done.

II If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed on my shores

I would never lay down my arms — never — never — never! (PITT)

III You cannot — I venture to say it — you cannot conquer America. (PITT)

IV A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought,—"Had I a sword of keener steel —
That blue blade that the king's son bears — but this
Blunt thing!"— he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
(SILL)

V Strong and steady a voice rang out: "Number one, fire! — number two, fire! — number three, fire!" (TAYLOR)

VI Gentlemen of the jury,— if there is a culprit here, it is not my son,— it is myself, — it is I! (HUGO)

VII Why should any one be grateful for company? — why should time and money be lavished on visitors? — They come — you overwork yourself.— They go — you are glad of it.
(PORTER)

VIII I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster — driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris — clutched like a wild beast — banished to Elba. (INGERSOLL)

IX Cromwell manufactured his own army out of what? — Englishmen,— the best blood in Europe; out of the middle class of Englishmen,— the best blood in the Island. And

with it he conquered what? — Englishmen,— their equals. (PHILLIPS)

X Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea,—
Dead! — both my boys! (E. B. BROWNING)

XI I have known a case — and probably many of you can recall some almost equal to it — where one worthy woman could count father, brother, husband, and son-in-law, all drunkards,— no man among her near kindred, except her son, who was not a victim of this vice. (PHILLIPS)

XII There was a South of Slavery and Secession — that South is dead. There is a South of Union and Freedom — that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour. (GRADY)

XIII Has reason fled from our borders? — Have we ceased to reflect? — I tell you plainly that the bill, should it pass, cannot be enforced. (CALHOUN)

XIV He is going to be an emperor. Let him be one; — but let him remember — that though you may secure an empire — you cannot secure an easy conscience. (HUGO)

XV In his ears rang the words —"For France!" They came like an echo from the past; it was the same cry he had heard at Waterloo. "For France!"— the words were consecrated; the Emperor himself had used them. (PAGE)

XVI We are two travelers, Roger and I.—
Roger's my dog.— Come here, you scamp.

Jump for the gentleman,— mind your eye! —
Over the table,— look out for the lamp!
(TROWBRIDGE)

XVII (*Brutus*): It must be by his death; — and for my part
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd; —
How that might change his nature,—there 's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking.— Crown him? — that; —
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
(SHAKESPEARE)

XVIII (*Hamlet*): To be,— or not to be; — that is the question; —
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them. To die,— to sleep; —
No more; — and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,— to sleep; —
To sleep; — perchance to dream; — ay, there's the rub. (SHAKESPEARE)

CHAPTER XV

RATE (RANGES)

In a previous chapter we considered the use of the various rates, moderate, rapid and slow, as applied to single words and sentences, with a view to clearness, emphasis, and suggestiveness of expression. Rate variation with respect to words and sentences will be more or less in evidence throughout every address. At the same time, for sections, or phases of a speech, there should be a generally prevailing rate which is in keeping with the character of the thought or feeling. In his " Oratory and Orators," Matthews cites an incident which bears directly on this point.

" When Sheridan, after passing the night in the House of Commons, was asked what his impression was, he said he had been chiefly struck with the difference of manner between Fox and Lord Stormont. The latter began by declaring in a slow, solemn, drawling, nasal tone, that ' When he considered the enormity and the unconstitutional tendency of the measures just proposed, he was hurried away in a torrent of passion and a whirlwind of impetuosity,' pausing between every word and syllable; while the former, speaking with the rapidity of lightning, and with breathless anxiety and impatience, said that ' such was the magnitude, such the importance, such the vital interest of this question, that he could not help imploring, he could not help adjuring

the House to come to it with the utmost coolness, the utmost deliberation.' "

The student must realize that the effect produced upon an audience by the rate of speaking is very definite. Therefore, he should not only avoid making an impression of insincerity or lack of real appreciation of his subject by ridiculous contradictions of matter and delivery, but he should benefit by the positive advantage which derives from a harmonious adaptation of rate to topic.

Normal Rate

The bulk of matters discussed in speeches makes no special requirement for either rapidity or slowness as the prevailing rate of utterance. It is, therefore, highly desirable to develop as a habit a moderate rate. This is often called the " normal " rate, and it might be supposed that, being normal, or natural, it would need no cultivation. However, the fact is that even in conversation, where people are ordinarily self-possessed, speech which is deliberate enough to be easily understood, and sufficiently fluent not to be boresome, is not common. Before an audience, where one's poise is more or less disturbed, faulty tendencies are likely to be exaggerated; and even people who speak admirably in conversation, but who have had little experience before audiences, are less effective in public. Some speakers drawl, often filling the spaces between words with sundry " ah " and " uh " sounds, which are painful to the listeners. A greater number talk too rapidly, for ordinary purposes, making it difficult to hear the words, to say nothing of following the thoughts. Our first aim, then, is to establish as a habit a moderate rate which leans, if at all, toward deliberateness.

SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICAL APPLICATION

A FALSE ANALOGY

"If," they say, "free competition is a good thing in trade, it must surely be a good thing in education. The supply of other commodities, of sugar, for example, is left to adjust itself to the demand; and the consequence is, that we are better supplied with sugar than if the government undertook to supply us. Why then should we doubt that the supply of instruction will, without the intervention of the government, be found equal to the demand?"

Never was there a more false analogy. Whether a man is supplied with sugar is a matter which concerns himself alone. But whether he is well supplied with instruction is a matter which concerns his neighbors and the State. If he cannot afford to pay for sugar he must go without sugar. But it is by no means fit that, because he cannot afford to pay for education, he should go without education. Between the rich and their instructors there may, as Adam Smith says, be free trade. The supply of music masters and Italian masters may be left to adjust itself to the demand. But what is to become of the millions who are too poor to procure without assistance the services of a decent school-master?

(MACAULAY: *Speech in the House of Commons*)

A STANDARD OF WELL-BEING

Faith in machinery is, I said, our besetting danger; often in machinery most absurdly disproportioned to the end which this machinery, if it is to do any good at all, is to serve! but always in machinery, as if it had a value in and for itself. What is freedom but machinery, what is population but machinery, what is coal but

machinery, what are railroads but machinery, what is wealth but machinery, what are, even, religious organizations but machinery? Now almost every voice in England is accustomed to speak of these things as if they were precious ends in themselves, and therefore had some of the characters of perfection indisputably joined to them. I have before now noticed some of Mr. Roebuck's stock arguments for proving the greatness and happiness of England as she is, and for quite stopping the mouths of all gainsayers. Mr. Roebuck is never weary of reiterating this argument of his, so I do not know why I should be weary of noticing it. "May not every man in England say what he likes?"— Mr. Roebuck perpetually asks; and that, he thinks, is quite sufficient, and when every man may say what he likes, our aspirations ought to be satisfied. But the aspirations of culture, which is the study of perfection, are not satisfied, unless what men say, when they may say what they like, is worth saying,— has good in it, and more good than bad. In the same way the *Times*, replying to some foreign strictures on the dress, looks, and behavior of the English abroad, urges that the English ideal is that every one should be free to do and to look just as he likes. But culture indefatigably tries, not to make what each raw person may like the rule by which he fashions himself; but to draw ever nearer to a sense of what is indeed beautiful, graceful, and becoming, and to get the raw person to like that.

(ARNOLD: *Culture and Anarchy*)

THE INDEPENDENT ATTITUDE

Virtues are, in the popular estimate, rather the exception than the rule. There is the man *and* his virtues.

Men do what is called a good action, as some piece of courage or charity, much as they would pay a fine in expiation of daily non-appearance on parade. Their works are done as an apology or extenuation of their living in the world,— as invalids and the insane pay a high board. Their virtues are penances. I do not wish to expiate, but to live. My life is for itself and not for a spectacle. I much prefer that it should be of a lower strain, so it be genuine and equal, than that it should be glittering and unsteady. I wish it to be sound and sweet, and not to need dieting and bleeding. I ask primary evidence that you are a man, and refuse this appeal from the man to his actions. I know that for myself it makes no difference whether I do or forbear those actions which are reckoned excellent. I cannot consent to pay for a privilege where I have intrinsic right. Few and mean as my gifts may be, I actually am, and do not need for my own assurance and the assurance of my fellows any secondary testimony.

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

(EMERSON: *Self-Reliance*)

THE LOSS OF NELSON

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the

intelligence, and turned pale; as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and reverenced him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero — the greatest of our own and of all former times — was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end: the fleets of the enemy were not only defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards were all which they could now bestow upon him, whom the King, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honor; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church-bells, have given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and "old men from the chimney-corner," to look upon Nelson ere they died.

(SOUTHEY: *Life of Nelson*)

ON ACTORS AND ACTING

Players are "the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time;" the motley representatives of human nature. They are the only honest hypocrites. Their life is a

voluntary dream; a studied madness. The height of their ambition is to be *besides themselves.* To-day kings, to-morrow beggars; it is only when they are themselves that they are nothing. Made up of mimic laughter and tears, passing from the extreme of joy or woe at the prompter's call, they wear the livery of other men's fortunes; their very thoughts are not their own. They are, as it were, train-bearers in the pageant of life, and hold a glass up to humanity, frailer than itself. We see ourselves at second-hand in them: they show us all that we are, all that we wish to be, and all that we dread to be. The stage is an epitome, a bettered likeness of the world, with the dull part left out: and, indeed, with this omission it is nearly big enough to hold all the rest. What brings the resemblance nearer is that, as they imitate us, we, in our turn, imitate them. How many fine gentlemen do we owe to the stage! How many romantic lovers are mere Romeos in masquerade! How many soft bosoms have heaved with Juliet's sighs! They teach us when to laugh and when to weep, when to love and when to hate, upon principle and with a good grace! Wherever there is a playhouse, the world will go on not amiss. The stage not only refines the manners, but it is the best teacher of morals, for it is the truest and most intelligible picture of life. It stamps the image of virtue on the mind by first softening the rude materials of which it is composed, by a sense of pleasure. It regulates the passions, by giving a loose rein to the imagination. It points out the selfish and depraved to our detestation; the amiable and generous to our admiration; and if it clothes the more seductive vices with the borrowed graces of wit and fancy, even those graces operate as a

diversion to the coarser poison of experience and bad example, and often prevent or carry off the infection by inoculating the mind with a certain taste and elegance.

(HAZLITT: *On Actors and Acting*)

THE APES AND THE TWO TRAVELERS

Two men, one of whom always spoke the truth and the other told nothing but lies, were traveling together, and by chance came to the land of the Apes. One of the Apes, who had raised himself to be king, commanded them to be laid hold of, and brought before him, that he might know what was said of him among men. He ordered at the same time that all the Apes should be arranged in a long row on his right hand and on his left, and that a throne should be placed for him, as was the custom among men. After these preparations he signified his will that the two men should be brought before him and greeted them with this salutation: "What sort of a king do I seem to you to be, O strangers?" The lying Traveler replied, "You seem to me a most mighty king." "And what is your estimate of those you see around me?" "These," he made answer, "are worthy companions of yourself, fit at least to be ambassadors and leaders of armies." The Ape and all his court, gratified with the lie, commanded that a handsome present be given to the flatterer. On this the truthful Traveler thought within himself, "If so great a reward be given for a lie, with what gift may not I be rewarded, if, according to my custom, I shall tell the truth?" The Ape quickly turned to him. "And pray how do I and these my friends around me seem to you?" "Thou art," he said, "a most excellent Ape, and all these thy

companions after thy example are excellent Apes, too." The King of the Apes, enraged at hearing these truths, gave him over to the teeth and claws of his companions.

(ÆSOP: *Fables*)

COMPENSATIONS

The regret we have for our childhood is not wholly justifiable; so much a man may lay down without fear of public ribaldry; for although we shake our heads over the change, we are not unconscious of the manifold advantages of our new state. What we lose in generous impulse, we more than gain in the habit of generously watching others; and the capacity to enjoy Shakespeare may balance a lost aptitude for playing at soldiers. Terror is gone out of our lives, moreover; we no longer see the Devil in the bed-curtains nor lie awake to listen to the wind. We go to school no more; and if we have only exchanged one drudgery for another (which is by no means sure), we are set free forever from the daily fear of chastisement. And yet a great change has overtaken us; and although we do not enjoy ourselves less, at least we take our pleasures differently. We need pickles nowadays to make Wednesday's cold mutton please our Friday's appetite; and I can remember the time when to call it red venison, and tell myself a hunter's story, would have made it more palatable than the best of sauces. To the grown person, cold mutton is cold mutton all the world over; not all the mythology invented by man will make it better or worse to him; the broad fact, the clamant reality, of the mutton carries away before it such seductive figments. But for the child it is still possible to weave an enchantment over eatables; and if he has but read of

a dish in a story-book, it will be heavenly manna to him for a week.

(STEVENSON: *Child's Play*)

GETTING TOGETHER

You know that the great melting-pot of America, the place where we are all made Americans, is the public school, where men of every race and of every origin and of every station in life send their children, or ought to send their children, and where, being mixed together, the youngsters are all infused with the American spirit and developed into American men and American women. When, in addition to sending our children to school to paid teachers, we go to school to one another in those same schoolhouses, then we shall begin more fully to realize than we ever have realized before what American life is. And let me tell you this, confidentially, that wherever you find school boards that object to opening the schoolhouses in the evenings for public meetings of every proper sort, you had better look around for some politician who is objecting to it; because the thing that cures bad politics is talk by the neighbors. The thing that brings to light the concealed circumstances of our political life is the talk of the neighborhood; and if you can get the neighbors together, get them frankly to tell everything they know, then your politics, your ward politics, your city politics, and your state politics, too, will be turned inside out,— in the way they ought to be. Because the chief difficulty our politics has suffered is that the inside didn't look like the outside. Nothing clears the air like frank discussion.

(PRESIDENT WILSON: *The New Freedom*)

A TEST OF MORALITY

Supposing it were told any of you by a physician whose word you could not but trust, that you had not more than seven days to live. And suppose also that, by the manner of your education it had happened to you, as it has happened to many, never to have heard of any future state, or not to have credited what you heard; and therefore that you had to face this fact of the approach of death in its simplicity: fearing no punishment for any sin that you might have before committed, or in the coming days might determine to commit; and having similarly no hope of reward for past, or yet possible, virtue; nor even of any consciousness whatever to be left to you, after the seventh day had ended, either of the results of your acts to those whom you loved, or of the feelings of any survivors towards you. Then the manner in which you would spend the seven days is an exact measure of the morality of your nature.

I know that some of you, and I believe the greater number of you, would, in such a case, spend the granted days entirely as you ought. Neither in numbering the errors, or deploring the pleasures of the past; nor in grasping at vile good in the present, nor vainly lamenting the darkness of the future; but in instant and earnest execution of whatever it might be possible for you to accomplish in the time, in setting your affairs in order, and in providing for the future comfort, and — so far as you might by any message or record of yourself — for the consolation of those whom you loved, and by whom you desired to be remembered, not for your good, but for theirs.

(RUSKIN: *Art and Morals*)

TRUE AMERICANISM

We believe in waging relentless war on rank-growing evils of all kinds, and it makes no difference to us if they happen to be of purely native growth. We grasp at any good, no matter whence it comes. We do not accept the evil attendant upon another system of government as an adequate excuse for that attendant upon our own; the fact that the courtier is a scamp does not render the demagogue any the less a scoundrel. But it remains true that, in spite of all our faults and shortcomings, no other land offers such glorious possibilities to the man able to take advantage of them as does ours; it remains true that no one of our people can do any work worth doing unless he does it primarily as an American. It is because certain classes of our people still retain their spirit of colonial dependence on, and exaggerated deference to, European opinion, that they fail to accomplish what they ought to. It is precisely along the lines where we have worked most independently that we have accomplished the greatest results; and it is in those professions where there has been no servility to, but merely a wise profiting by, foreign experience, that we have produced our greatest men. Our soldiers and statesmen and orators, our explorers, our wilderness-winners and commonwealth-builders; the men who have made our laws and seen that they were executed; and the other men whose energy and ingenuity have created our marvelous material prosperity,— all these have been men who have drawn wisdom from the experience of every age and nation, but who have nevertheless thought, and worked, and conquered, and lived, and died purely as Americans; and on the whole they have done better work than has been done in any other

country during the short period of our national life.
(ROOSEVELT: *True Americanism*)

The Slow Rate

There are subjects, or phases of subjects, which can be most aptly or suggestively presented to the audience by a slower than normal utterance. The speaker should be able both to recognize such phases when he presents them, and to speak deliberately without conscious effort or a drawling manner. The field of slow rate, broadly viewed, includes: unusual gravity, profundity; marked tranquillity, sadness, and pathos; ideas which are difficult for the audience to grasp. It is well to note, also, that in speaking to a large audience, whatever the subject, the rate should be somewhat slower than normal, for purposes of audibility.

Some people may have an instinctive tendency to employ the slow rate when occasion requires, but the majority, even if they start a passage slowly, will quickly increase to their normal. It is desirable, therefore, to practice for control, which enables the speaker to sustain the deliberate rate at will.

SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICAL APPLICATION

NOTE: The rate may vary here and there, but the generally prevailing rate should be slower than normal.

OPENING OF THE BUNKER HILL ORATION

Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder

to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed above your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else how changed!

You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volume of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death; all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more.

All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence.

All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you.

(WEBSTER: *Bunker Hill Oration*)

THE CAMPAGNA OF ROME

Perhaps there is no more impressive scene on earth than the solitary extent of the Campagna of Rome under evening light. Let one imagine one's self for a moment withdrawn from the sounds and motion of the living world, and sent forth alone into this wild and wasted plain. The earth yields and crumbles beneath his foot, tread he never so lightly, for its substance is white, hollow, and carious, like the dusty wreck of the bones of men. The long knotted grass waves and tosses feebly in the evening wind, and the shadows of its motion shakes feverishly along the banks of ruin that lift themselves to the sunlight. Hillocks of moldering earth heave around him, as if the dead beneath were struggling in their sleep; scattered blocks of black stone, four-square, remnants of mighty edifices, not one left upon another, lie upon them to keep them down. A dull, purple, poisonous haze stretches level along the desert, veiling its spectral wrecks of massy ruins, on whose rents the red light rests, like dying fire on defiled altars. The blue ridge of the Alban Mount lifts itself against a solemn space of green, clear, quiet sky. Watch-towers of dark clouds stand steadfastly along the promontories of the Apennines. From the plain to the mountains, the shattered aqueducts, pier beyond pier, melt into the darkness, like shadowy and countless troops of funeral mourners, passing from a nation's grave.

(RUSKIN: *Preface, Modern Painters*)

KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE

Tell you what I like the best —
'Long about knee-deep in June,

'Bout the time strawberries melts
On the vine,— some afternoon
Like to jes' git out and rest,
And not work at nothin' else:

Orchard's where I'd ruther be —
Needn't fence it in fer me!
Jes' the whole sky overhead,
And the whole airth underneath —
Sorto' so's a man kin breathe
Like he ort, and kindo' has
Elbow-room to keerlessly
Sprawl out len'thways on the grass
Where the shadder's thick and soft
As the kivvers on the bed
Mother fixes in the loft
Allus, when they's company.

Jes' a-sorto' lazin' there —
S'lazy, 'at you peek and peer
Through the wavin' leaves above,
Like a feller 'at's in love
And don't know it, ner don't keer!
Ever'thing you hear and see
Got some sort o' interest —
Maybe find a blue-bird's nest
Tucked up there conveenently
Fer the boy 'at's apt to be
Up some other apple tree!
Watch the swallers skootin' past
'Bout as peert as you could ast;
Er the Bob-white raise and whiz
Where some other's whistle is.

Ketch a shadder down below,
And look up to find the crow —
Er a hawk,— away up there,
'Pearantly *froze* in the air! —
Hear the old hen squak, and squat
Over ever' chick she's got,
Suddent-like! — And she knows where
That-air hawk is, well as you! —
You jes' bet yer life she do! —
Eyes a-glitterin' like glass,
Waitin' till he makes a pass!

Pee-wees' singin', to express
My opinion, 's second class,
Yit you'll hear 'em more or less;
Sapsucks gittin' down to biz,
Weedin' out the lonesomeness;
Mr. Bluejay, full o' sass,
In them base-ball clothes o' his,
Sportin' 'round the orchard jes'
Like he owned the premises!
Sun out in the fields kin sizz,
But flat on yer back, I guess
In the shade's where glory is!
That's jes' what I'd like to do
Stiddy fer a year er two!

(RILEY: *Knee-Deep in June*)

OPENING FOR THE PROSECUTION

I am little accustomed, gentlemen, to the part which I am now attempting to perform. Hardly more than

once or twice has it happened to me to be concerned on the side of the government in any criminal prosecution whatever; and never, until the present occasion, in any case affecting life.

But I very much regret that it should have been thought necessary to suggest to you that I am brought here "to hurry you against the law and beyond the evidence." I hope I have too much regard for justice, and too much respect for my own character, to attempt either; and were I to make such an attempt, I am sure that in this court nothing can be carried against the law, and that gentlemen, intelligent and just as you are, are not, by any power, to be hurried beyond the evidence. Though I could well have wished to shun this occasion, I have not felt at liberty to withhold my professional assistance, when it is supposed that I may be in some degree useful in investigating and discovering the truth respecting this most extraordinary murder. It has seemed to be a duty incumbent upon me, as on every other citizen, to do my best and my utmost to bring to light the perpetrators of this crime. Against the prisoner at the bar, as an individual, I cannot have the slightest prejudice. I would not do him the smallest injury or injustice. But I do not affect to be indifferent to the discovery and the punishment of this deep guilt. I cheerfully share in the opprobrium, how great soever it may be, which is cast on those who feel and manifest an anxious concern that all who had a part in planning, or a hand in executing, this deed of midnight assassination, may be brought to answer for their enormous crime at the bar of public justice.

(WEBSTER: *The White Murder Case*)

A ROYAL DEATH CHAMBER

Within an upper chamber lay the king,
His white face, 'gainst the pillow scarce as white,
Gleamed ghastly — lip and hand and brow
Were chilling with the icy touch of him
Who comes but once — who comes alike to all.
About the room the waxen tapers tall
Lit up the shadows, while the black-robed priests
Stood round the couch with "Host and Crucifix,"
The ceremonial of the sacrament.
But the king sees them not; his soul is back
With the past years — he whispers! Ha! he dreams!
He sees the streets of Paris all aglow
With gleaming fire of the torch and lamp;
He stands beside his window — from below
Thro' all the streets he hears the ceaseless tramp
Of armed men — the crash of arms — the cry
Of gathering forces; on the midnight air
He hears the wild, wild accents of despair
In groans and curses, as the throng go by;
And 'bove them all, o'er every sight and sound
He hears the bell of St. Germain slow toll
The signal for the massacre; — the ground
Beneath his feet is red with blood; the roll
Of musketry is drowned in dying groans!

(MOORE: *The Death of Charles the Ninth*)

AGAINST STRICT CONSTRUCTION OF THE CONSTITUTION

As preliminary to the very able discussions of the Constitution which we have heard from the Bar, and as having some influence on its construction, reference has been made to the political situation of these States ante-

rior to its formation. It has been said that they were sovereign, were completely independent, and were connected with each other only by a league. This is true. But when these allied sovereigns converted their league into a government, when they converted their Congress of ambassadors, deputed to deliberate on their common concerns and to recommend measures of general utility, into a legislature empowered to enact laws on the most interesting subjects, the whole character in which the States appear underwent a change, the extent of which must be determined by a fair consideration of the instrument by which that change is effected.

This instrument contains an enumeration of powers expressly granted by the people to their government. It has been said that these powers ought to be construed strictly. But why ought they to be so construed? Is there one sentence in the Constitution which gives countenance to this rule? In the last of the enumerated powers, that which grants expressly the means for carrying all others into execution, Congress is authorized "to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper" for that purpose. But this limitation on the means which may be used is not extended to the powers which are conferred; nor is there one sentence in the Constitution which has been pointed out by the gentlemen of the bar, or which we have been able to discern, that prescribes this rule. We do not therefore think ourselves justified in adopting it.

(MARSHALL: *Interstate Commerce*)

BRUTUS CONDEMNS CÆSAR

(*Brutus*) It must be by his death: and for my part
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,

But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder:
And that craves wary walking. Crown him? — that; —
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

(SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Cæsar*)

NIGHTFALL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

The last beams of day were now fairly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me; the lower parts of the Abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight. The chapels and aisles grew darker and darker. The effigies of the kings faded into shadows; the marble figures of the monuments as-

sumed strange shapes in the uncertain light; the evening breeze crept through the aisles like the cold breath of the grave; and even the distant foot-fall of a verger, traversing the Poet's Corner, had something strange and dreary in its sound. I slowly retraced my morning's walk, and as I passed out of the portal of the cloisters, the door, closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes.

I endeavored to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contemplating, but found they were already fallen into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold. What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchers but a treasury of humiliation; a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown, and the certainty of oblivion! It is, indeed, the empire of death — his great shadowy palace, where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name. Time is ever silently turning over his pages: we are too much engrossed by the story of the present, to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow. (IRVING: *Westminster Abbey*)

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks

A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart; —
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air, —
Comes a still voice — Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.
Yet not to thy eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone — nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,

Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher.

(BRYANT: *Thanatopsis*)

PROPHECIES

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonders that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,

And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

(TENNYSON: *Locksley Hall*)

The Rapid Rate

Just as some things are most aptly suggested by a slower than normal rate, so others call for a rapid rate. Any excited emotional state, whether of anger, patriotism, enthusiastic admiration, or other feelings, is most convincingly and suggestively portrayed by a faster than normal rate. To be sure, if the speaker is actually excited, he will tend to speak rapidly without any suggestion; though without skill in rapid utterance his words will probably be hard to understand. But a speaker does not always experience the degree of emotional intensity which produces the most apt expression. For instance, if a person speaks several times on the same subject, he is apt to "go stale," and yet it is desirable to stimulate each new audience by the manner of enthusiasm which characterized his original presentation. Again, even in talking on a fresh topic, the speaker is not always in just the mood which produces the most fitting delivery. If, however, he understands the methods which produce various effects, he can, in a considerable degree, make up for the lack of emotional stimulus; or, as is often the case, he can in the first few moments of speaking arouse in himself a more fervid state of feeling by the reaction to his earnest delivery. Furthermore, the speaker's own emotional intensity is not the only thing that will be convincingly, vividly, or aptly presented by a faster than normal rate. So also will matters which are relatively trivial, parenthetical remarks, and rapid action or excitement of any kind.

In using the rapid rate it is of the utmost importance that the speaker be especially distinct. The common lack of skill in this respect is only too obvious to any one who takes the trouble to note the point in conversations, or addresses from the platform. For this reason alone it would be profitable to fortify theory with practice in order to acquire the ability to speak rapidly and at the same time with perfect clearness.

SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICAL APPLICATION

NOTE: Use rate variation where specific need suggests a change, but keep the prevailing rate faster than normal.

THE STEEPLE-CHASE

(*Max*): Ah! Sir Harcourt, had you been here a month ago, you would have witnessed the most glorious run that ever swept over merry England's green cheek — a steeple-chase, sir, which I intended to win, but my horse broke down the day before. I had a chance, notwithstanding; but for Gay here, I should have won. How I regretted my absence from it! How did my filly behave herself, Gay?

(*Lady Gay*): Gloriously, Max! gloriously! There were sixty horses in the field, all mettle to the bone; the start was a picture — away we went in a cloud — pell-mell — helter-skelter — the fools first, as usual, using themselves up — we soon passed them — first your Kitty, then my Blueskin, and Craven's colt last. Then came the tug — Kitty skimmed the walls — Blueskin flew over the fences — the Colt neck-and-neck, and half a mile to run — at last the Colt balked a leap and went

wild. Kitty and I had it all to ourselves — she was three lengths ahead as we breasted the last wall, six feet, if an inch, and a ditch on the other side. Now, for the first time, I gave Blueskin his head — ha! ha!! Away he flew, like a thunderbolt — over went the filly — I over the same spot, leaving Kitty in the ditch — walked the steeple, eight miles in thirty minutes, and scarcely turned a hair.

(BOUCICAULT: *London Assurance*)

STORMING THE BATTERY

The word of command was given: "We are ordered and expected to take Battery Wagner at the point of the bayonet. Are you ready?"

"Ay, ay, sir! ready!" was the answer.

And the order went pealing down the line: "Ready! Close ranks! Charge bayonets! Forward! Double-quick, march!"— and away they went, under a scattering fire, in one compact line till within one hundred feet of the fort, when the storm of death broke upon them. Every gun belched forth its great shot and shell; every rifle whizzed out its sharp-singing, death-freighted messenger. The men wavered not for an instant; forward — forward they went; plunged into the ditch; waded through the deep water, no longer a muddy hue, but stained crimson with their blood; and commenced to climb the parapet. The foremost line fell, and then the next, and the next. On, over the piled-up mounds of dead and dying, of wounded and slain, to the mouth of the battery; seizing the guns; bayoneting the gunners at their posts; planting their flag and struggling around it; their leader on the walls, sword in hand, his blue eyes blazing, his fair face aflame, his clear voice calling

out: "Forward, my brave boys!"— then plunging into the hell of battle before him.

As the men were clambering up the parapet, their color-sergeant was shot dead, the colors trailing, stained and wet, in the dust beside him. A nameless hero sprang from the ranks, seized the staff from his dying hand, and with it mounted upward. A ball struck his right arm; but ere it could fall shattered by his side, his left hand caught the flag and carried it onward. Even in the mad sweep of assault and death, the men around him found breath and time to hurrah, and those behind him pressed more gallantly forward to follow such a lead. He kept his place, the colors flying (though faint with loss of blood and wrung with agony), up the slippery steep, up to the walls of the fort; on the wall itself, . . . an inspiration to the men about him, a defiance to the foe.

(DICKENSON: *The Attack on Battery Wagner*)

THE CHARIOT RACE

And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds. . . . That moment Ben Hur leaned forward over his Arabs, and gave them the reins. Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again; and, though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report; and as the man passed thus from quiet to resistless action, his face suffused, his eyes gleaming, along the reins he seemed to flash his will; and instantly not one, but the four as one answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car. Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard, but dared not look to see what the awakening portended. From the people

he received no sign. Above the noises of the race there was but one voice, and that was Ben Hur's. In the old Aramaic, as the sheik himself, he called to his Arabs. . . .

The thousands on the benches understood it all. They saw the signal given, the magnificent response; the four close outside Messala's outer wheel, Ben Hur's inner wheel behind the other's car — all this they saw. Then they heard a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the Circus, and, quicker than thought, out over the course a spray of shining white and yellow flinders flew. Down on its right side toppled the bed of the Roman chariot. There was a rebound as of the axle hitting the hard earth; another and another; then the car went to pieces, and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong.

(WALLACE: *Ben Hur*)

HARRY VANE SCORES WENTWORTH

(*Vane*):

Now, by Heaven,
They may be cool who can, silent who will —
Some have a gift that way! Wentworth is here,
Here, and the king's safe closeted with him
Ere this! And when I think on all that's past
Since that man left us, how his single arm
Rolled the advancing good of England back
And set the woeful past up in its place,
Exalting Dagon where the Ark should be,—
How that man has made firm the fickle king
(Hampden, I will speak out!) — in aught he feared
To venture on before; taught tyranny
Her dismal trade, the use of all her tools,
To ply the scourge yet screw the gag so close

That strangled agony bleeds mute to death —
How he turns Ireland to a private stage
For training infant villainies, new ways
Of wringing treasure out of tears and blood,
Unheard oppressions nourished in the dark
To try how much man's nature can endure,
— If he dies under it, what harm? if not,
Why, one more trick is added to the rest
Worth a king's knowing, and what Ireland bears
England may learn to bear: — how all this while
That man has set himself to one dear task,
The bringing Charles to relish more and more
Power, power without law, power and blood too,
— Can I be still?

(BROWNING: *Strafford*)

THE VULGAR NOBLE LORD

The Aristocracy, as a class, has as yet no thought of . . . ceasing to be what in the language of flattery is called "Governing Class." . . . In the better heads among them are doubtless grave misgivings . . . but beyond doubt the vulgar Noble Lord intends fully to continue the game,— with doubly severe study of the new rules issued on it,— and will still, for a good while yet, go as heretofore into Electioneering, Parliamentary Engineering; and hope against hope to keep weltering atop by some method or other, and to make a fit existence for himself in that miserable old way. An existence filled with labor and anxiety, with disappointments and disgraces and futilities I can promise him, but with little or nothing else. Let us hope he will be wise to discern, and not continue the experiment too long!

He has lost his place in that element; nothing but

services of a sordid and dishonorable nature, betrayal of his own Order, and of the noble interests of England can gain him even momentary favor there. He cannot bridle the wild horse of a Plebs any longer: — for a generation past he has not even tried to bridle it; but has run trotting and panting meanly by the side of it, patting its stupid neck; slavishly plunging with it into any "Crimean" or other slough of black platitudes it might reel towards,— anxious he, only not to be kicked away, not just yet; oh, not yet for a little while! Is this an existence for a man of any honor? I should say, not. And he still thinks to hang by the bridle, now when his Plebs is getting into the gallop? Hanging by its bridle, through what steep brambly places (scratching out the very eyes of him, as is often enough observable), through what mal-odorous quagmires and ignominious pools will the wild horse drag him,— till he quit hold! Let him quit, in Heaven's name. Better he should go yachting to Algeria, and shoot lions for an occupied existence: — or stay at home, and hunt rats? Why not? Is not, in strict truth, the Rat-catcher our one real British Nimrod now? Game-preserving, Highland deer-stalking, and the like, will soon all have ceased in this over-crowded Country; and I can see no other business for the vulgar Noble Lord, if he will continue vulgar! (CARLYLE: *Shooting Niagara and After*)

CASSIUS BELITTLES CÆSAR

(*Cassius*):

Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their color fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,

Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.

(SHAKESPEARE: *Julius Cæsar*)

ANDREAS HOFER'S SELF-DEFENSE

You ask what I have to say in my defense,— you, who glory in the name of France, who wander through the world to enrich and exalt the land of your birth,— you demand how I could dare to arm myself against the invaders of my native rocks? Do you confine the love of home to yourselves? Do you punish in others the actions which you dignify and reward among yourselves? Those stars which glitter on your breasts, do they hang there as recompense for patient servitude?

I see the smile of contempt which curls your lips. You say: "This brute,— he is a ruffian, a beggar! That patched jacket, that ragged cap, that rusty belt, — shall barbarians such as he close the pass against us, shower rocks upon our heads, and single out our leaders with unfailing aim,— these grovelling mountaineers, who know not the joys and brilliance of life, creeping amidst eternal snows, and snatching with greedy hand their stinted ear of corn?"

Yet, poor as we are, we never envied our neighbors their smiling sun, their gilded palaces; we never strayed from our peaceful huts to blast the happiness of those who had not injured us. The traveler who visited our valleys met every hand outstretched to welcome him; for him every hearth blazed; with delight we listened to his tale of other lands. Too happy for ambition, we

were not jealous of his wealth; we have even refused to partake of it. (HOFER: *Speech in Self-Defense*)

MURDER WILL OUT

He has done the murder. No eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! Gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which pierces through all disguises, and beholds everything as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment, which it dares not acknowledge to God or man.

A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from Heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirit of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

(WEBSTER: *The White Murder Case*)

A GLORIOUS CHRISTMAS DINNER

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course — and in truth it was very much like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their post, crammed spoons into their mouths lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last

the dishes were set on and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause; as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onions to the eyebrows.

(DICKENS: *A Christmas Carol*)

THE ART OF PUFFING

(*Sneer*): But surely, Mr. Puff, there is no great mystery in your present profession?

(*Puff*): Mystery, sir! I will take upon me to say the matter was never scientifically treated nor reduced to rule before.

(*Sneer*): Reduced to rule!

(*Puff*): O Lud, sir, you are very ignorant, I am afraid! — Yes, sir, puffing is of various sorts; the principal are, the puff direct, the puff preliminary, the puff collateral, the puff collusive, and the puff oblique, or puff by implication. These all assume, as circum-

stances require, the various forms of Letter to the Editor, Occasional Anecdote, Impartial Critique, Observation from Correspondent, or Advertisement from the Party.

(*Sneer*): The puff direct, I can conceive —

(*Puff*): O yes, that's simple enough! For instance, — a new comedy or farce is to be produced at one of the theaters (though by-the-by they don't bring out half what they ought to do) — the author, suppose Mr. Smatter, or Mr. Dapper, or any particular friend of mine — very well; the day before it is performed, I write an account of the manner in which it was received; I have the plot from the author, and only add —" characters strongly drawn — highly colored — hand of a master — fund of genuine humor — mine of invention — neat dialogue — Attic salt." Then for the performance —" Mr. Dodd was astonishingly great in the character of Sir Harry. That universal and judicious actor, Mr. Palmer, perhaps never appeared to more advantage than in the colonel; — but it is not in the power of language to do justice to Mr. King; indeed he more than merited those repeated bursts of applause which he drew from a most brilliant and judicious audience. As to scenery — the miraculous powers of Mr. De Loutherbourg's pencil are universally acknowledged. In short, we are at a loss which to admire most, the unrivaled genius of the author, the great attention and liberality of the managers, the wonderful abilities of the painter, or the incredible exertions of all the performers."

(Sneer): That's pretty well indeed, sir.

(Puff): Oh, cool! — quite cool! — to what I sometimes do. (Sheridan: *The Critic*)

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